HERO AND LEANDER:

Begun by *Christopher Marloe*; and *finished by* George Chapman.

Vt Nectar, Ingenium.

At London
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BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Right Worshipfull, Sir Thomas Walsingham, Knight.

SIr, we thinke not our selues discharged of the duty we owe to our friend, when we haue brought the breathles bodie to the earth: for albeit the eye there taketh his euer farewell of that beloued obiect, yet the impression of the man, that hath been deare vnto vs, liuing an after life in our memorie, there putteth vs in minde of farther obsequies due vnto the deceased. And namely of the performance of whatsoeuer we may iudge shall make to his liuing credit, and to the effecting of his determinations preuented by the stroke of death. By these meditations (as by an intellectuall will) I suppose my selfe executor to the vnhappily deceased author of this Poem, vpon whom knowing that in his life time you bestowed many kinde fauours, entertaining the parts of reckoning and worth which you found in him, with good countenance and liberall affection: I cannot but see so far into the will of him dead, that whatsoeuer issue of his braine

should chance to come abroad, that the first breath it should take might be the gentle aire of your liking: for since his selfe had been accustomed therunto, it would proue more agreeable and thriuing to his right children, than any other foster countenance what soeuer. At this time seeing that this vnfinished Tragedy happens vnder my hands to be imprinted; of a double duty, the one to your selfe, the other to the diseased, I present the same to your most fauourable allowance, offering my vtmost selfe now and euer to be readie, at your VVorships disposing:

E. B.

Hero and Leander.

THE ARGVMENT OF THE FIRST SESTYAD.

Heros *deſcription and her Loues,*
The Phane of Venus; *where he moues*
His worthie Loue-ſuite, and attaines;
VVhoſe bliſſe the wrath of Fates reſtraines,
For Cupids *grace to* Mercurie,
VVhich tale the Author doth implie.

ON *Helleſpont* guiltie of True loues blood,
In view and oppoſit two cities ſtood,
Seaborders, diſioin'd by *Neptunes* might:
The one *Abydos*, the other *Seſtos* hight.
At *Seſtos*, *Hero* dwelt; *Hero* the faire,
Whom young *Apollo* courted for her haire,
And offred as a dower his burning throne,
Where ſhe ſhould ſit for men to gaze vpon.
The outſide of her garments were of lawne,
The lining purple ſilke, with guilte ſtarres drawne,
Her wide ſleeues greene, and bordered with a groue,
Where *Venus* in her naked glory ſtroue,
To pleaſe the careleſſe and diſdainfull eies,
Of proude *Adonis* that before her lies.

Her kirtle blew, whereon was many a ſtaine,
Made with the blood of wretched Louers ſlaine.
Vpon her head ſhe ware a myrtle wreath,
From whence her vaile reacht to the ground beneath.
Her vaile was artificiall flowers and leaues,
Whoſe workmanſhip both man and beaſt deceaues.
Many would praiſe the ſweete ſmell as ſhe paſt,
When t'was the odour which her breath forth caſt.
And there for honie, Bees haue ſought in vaine,
And beat from thence, haue lighted there againe.
About her necke hung chaines of peble ſtone,
Which lightned by her necke, like Diamonds ſhone.
She ware no gloues, for neither ſunne nor winde
Would burne or parch her hands, but to her minde,
Or warme or coole them, for they tooke delite
To play vpon thoſe hands, they were ſo white.
Buskins of ſhels all ſilуered, vſed ſhe,
And brancht with bluſhing corall to the knee;
Where ſparrowes pearcht, of hollow pearle and gold,
Such as the world would woonder to behold:
Thoſe with ſweete water oft her handmaid fils,
Which as ſhe went would cherupe through the bils.
Some ſay, for her the faireſt *Cupid* pyn'd,
And looking in her face, was ſtrooken blind.
But this is true, ſo like was one the other,
As he imagyn'd *Hero* was his mother.

And oftentimes into her boſome flew,
About her naked necke his bare armes threw.
And laid his childiſh head vpon her breſt,
And with ſtill panting rocke, there tooke his reſt.
So louely faire was *Hero*, *Venus* Nun,
As nature wept, thinking ſhe was vndone;
Becauſe ſhe tooke more from her than ſhe left,
And of ſuch wondrous beautie her bereft:
Therefore in ſigne her treaſure ſuffred wracke,
Since *Heroes* time, hath halfe the world been blacke.
Amorous *Leander*, beautifull and yoong,
(Whoſe tragedie diuine *Muſæus* ſoong)
Dwelt at *Abydus*, ſince him, dwelt there none,
For whom ſucceeding times make greater mone.
His dangling treſſes that were neuer ſhorne,
Had they beene cut, and vnto *Colchos* borne,
Would haue allu'rd the vent'rous youth of *Greece*,
To hazard more, than for the golden Fleece.
Faire *Cynthia* wiſht, his armes might be her ſpheare,
Greefe makes her pale, becauſe ſhe mooues not there.
His bodie was as ſtraight as *Circes* wand,
Ioue might haue ſipt out *Nectar* from his hand.
Euen as delicious meate is to the taſt,
So was his necke in touching, and ſurpaſt
The white of *Pelops* ſhoulder, I could tell ye,
How ſmooth his breſt was, and how white his belſie,

And whoſe immortall fingers did imprint,
That heauenly path, with many a curious dint,
That runs along his backe, but my rude pen,
Can hardly blazon forth the loues of men.
Much leſſe of powerfull gods, let it ſuffiſe,
That my ſlacke muſe, ſings of *Leanders* eies.
Thoſe orient cheekes and lippes, exceeding his
That leapt into the water for a kis
Of his owne ſhadow, and deſpiſing many,
Died ere he could enioy the loue of any.
Had wilde *Hippolitus Leander* ſeene,
Enamoured of his beautie had he beene,
His preſence made the rudeſt paiſant melt,
That in the vaſt vplandiſh countrie dwelt,
The barbarous *Thracian* ſouldier moou'd with nought,
Was moou'd with him, and for his fauour ſought.
Some ſwore he was a maide in mans attire,
For in his lookes were all that men deſire,
A pleaſant ſmiling cheeke, a ſpeaking eie,
A brow for loue to banquet royallie,
And ſuch as knew he was a man would ſay,
Leander, thou art made for amorous play:
Why art thou not in loue, and lou'd of all?
Though thou be faire, yet be not thine owne thrall.
The men of wealthie *Seſtos*, euery yeare,
(For his ſake whom their goddeſſe held ſo deare,

Roſe-

Roſe-cheekt *Adonis*) kept a ſolemne feaſt,
Thither reſorted many a wandring gueſt,
To meet their loues; ſuch as had none at all,
Came louers home, from this great feſtiuall.
For euerie ſtreet like to a Firmament
Gliſtered with breathing ſtars, who where they went,
Frighted the mealancholie earth, which deem'd,
Eternall heauen to burne, for ſo it ſeem'd,
As if another *Phaeton* had got
The guidance of the ſunnes rich chariot.
But far aboue the louelieſt *Hero* ſhin'd,
And ſtole away th'inchaunted gazers mind,
For like Sea-nimphs inueigling harmony,
So was her beautie to the ſtanders by.
Nor that night wandring pale and watrie ſtarre,
(When yawning dragons draw her thirling carre,
From *Latmus* mount vp to the glomie skie,
Where crown'd with blazing light and maieſtie,
She proudly ſits) more ouer-rules the flood,
Than ſhe the hearts of thoſe that neere her ſtood.
Euen as, when gawdie Nimphs purſue the chace,
Wretched *Ixions* ſhaggie footed race,
Incenſt with ſauage heat, gallop amaine,
From ſteepe Pine-bearing mountains to the plaine:
So ran the people foorth to gaze vpon her,
And all that view'd her, were enamour'd on her.

And as in furie of a dreadfull fight,
Their fellowes being slaine or put to flight,
Poore soldiers stand with feare of death dead strooke̅,
So at her presence all surprisde and tooken,
Await the sentence of her scornefull eies:
He whom she fauours liues, the other dies.
There might you see one sigh, another rage,
And some (their violent passions to asswage)
Compile sharpe satyrs, but alas too late,
For faithfull loue will neuer turne to hate.
And many seeing great princes were denied,
Pin'd as they went, and thinking on her died.
On this feast day, O cursed day and hower,
Went *Hero* thorow *Sestos*, from her tower
To *Venus* temple, where vnhappilie,
As after chanc'd, they did each other spie,
So faire a Church as this, had *Venus* none,
The wals were of discoloured *Jesper* stone,
Wherein was *Proteus* caru'd, and ouer head
A liuely vine of greene sea agget spread;
Where by one hand light headed *Bacchus* hung,
And with the other, wine from grapes out wrung:
Of Christall shining faire, the pauement was,
The towne of *Sestos*, calde it *Venus* glasse.
There might you see the gods in sundrie shapes,
Committing headdie ryots, incest, rapes:

For know, that vnderneath this radiant flowre,
Was *Danaes* statue in a brazen towre,
Ioue, slylie stealing from his sisters bed,
To dallie with *Idalian Ganimed*:
And for his loue *Europa*, bellowing lowd,
And tumbling with the Rainbow in a clowd,
Blood-quaffing *Mars*, heauing the yron net,
Which limping *Vulcan* and his *Cyclops* set:
Loue kindling fire, to burne such townes as *Troy*,
Syluanus weeping for the louely boy,
That now is turnde into a Cypres tree,
Ander whose shade the Wood-gods loue to bee,
And in the midst a siluer altar stood,
There *Hero* sacrificing turtles blood,
Taild to the ground, vailing her eie-lids close,
And modestly they opened as she rose:
Thence flew Loues arrow with the golden head,
And thus *Leander* was enamoured.
Stone still he stood, and euermore he gazed,
Till with the fire that from his countnance blazed,
Relenting *Hero's* gentle heart was strooke,
Such force and vertue hath an amorous looke.
It lies not in our power to loue, or hate,
For will in vs is ouer-rulde by fate.
When two are stript long ere the course begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win.

And one especiallie doo we affect,
Of two gold Ingots like in each respect,
The reason no man knowes, let it suffise,
What we behold is censur'd by our eies.
Where both deliberat, the loue is slight,
Who euer lou'd, that lou'd not at first sight?
He kneel'd, but vnto her deuoutly praid;
Chast *Hero* to her selfe thus softly said:
Were I the saint hee worships, I would heare him,
And as she spake those words, came somewhat neere him.
He started vp, she blusht as one asham'd;
Wherewith *Leander* much more was inflam'd.
He toucht her hand, in touching it she trembled,
Loue deepely grounded, hardly is dissembled,
These louers parled by the touch of hands,
True loue is mute, and oft amazed stands,
Thus while dumb signs their yeelding harts entangled,
The aire with sparkes of liuing fire was spangled,
A periphrasis of night. And night deepe drencht in mystie *Acheron*,
Heau'd vp her head, and halfe the world vpon,
Breath'd darkenesse forth (darke night is *Cupids* day)
And now begins *Leander* to display
Loues holy fire, with words, with sighs and teares,
Which like sweet musicke entred *Heroes* eares,
And yet at euerie word shee turn'd aside,
And alwaies cut him off as he replide,

At laſt, like to a bold ſharpe Sophiſter,
With chearfull hope thus he accoſted her.
Faire creature, let me ſpeake without offence,
I would my rude words had the influence,
To leade thy thoughts, as thy faire lookes do mine,
Then ſhouldſt thou bee his priſoner who is thine.
Be not vnkind and faire, miſhapen ſtuffe
Are of behauiour boiſterous and ruffe.
O ſhun me not, but heare me ere you goe,
God knowes I cannot force loue, as you doe.
My words ſhall be as ſpotleſſe as my youth,
Full of ſimplicitie and naked truth.
This ſacrifice (whoſe ſweet perfume deſcending,
From *Venus* altar to your footſteps bending)
Doth teſtifie that you exceed her farre,
To whom you offer, and whoſe Nunne you are,
Why ſhould you worſhip her, her you ſurpaſſe,
As much as ſparkling Diamonds flaring glaſſe.
A Diamond ſet in lead his worth retaines,
A heauenly Nimph, belou'd of humane ſwaines,
Receiues no blemiſh, but oft-times more grace,
Which makes me hope, although I am but baſe,
Baſe in reſpect of thee, diuine and pure,
Dutifull ſeruice may thy loue procure,
And I in dutie will excell all other,
As thou in beautie doeſt exceed loues mother.

Nor heauen, nor thou, were made to gaze vpon,
As heauen preſerues all things, ſo ſaue thou one.
A ſtately builded ſhip, well rig'd and tall,
The Ocean maketh more maieſticall:
Why vowſt thou then to liue in *Seſtos* heere,
Who on Loues ſeas more glorious wouldſt appeere?
Like vntun'd golden ſtrings all women are,
Which long time lie vntoucht, will harſhly iarre.
Veſſels of braſſe oft handled, brightly ſhine,
What difference betwixt the richeſt mine
And baſeſt mold, but vſe? for both not vſde,
Are of like worth. Then treaſure is abuſde,
When miſers keep it; being put to lone,
In time it will returne vs two for one.
Rich robes, themſelues and others doe adorne,
Neither themſelues nor others, if not worne.
Who builds a pallace and rams vp the gate,
Shall ſee it ruinous and deſolate.
Ah ſimple *Hero*, learne thy ſelfe to cheriſh,
Loue women like to emptie houſes periſh.
Leſſe ſince the poore rich man that ſtarues himſelfe,
In heaping vp a maſſe of droſsie pelfe,
Than ſuch as you: his golden earth remains,
Which after his diſceaſſe ſome other gains.
But this faire iem, ſweet, in the loſſe alone,
When you fleet hence, can be bequeath'd to none.

Or if it could, downe from th'enameld skie,
All heauen would come to claime this legacie,
And with inteſtine broyles the world deſtroy,
And quite confound natures ſweet harmony.
Well therefore by the gods decreed it is,
We humane creatures ſhould enioy that blis.
One is no number, mayds are nothing then,
Without the ſweet ſocietie of men.
Wilt thou liue ſingle ſtill? one ſhalt thou bee,
Though neuer-ſingling *Hymen* couple thee.
Wilde ſauages, that drinke of running ſprings,
Thinke water farre excels all earthly things:
But they that daily taſte neat wine, deſpiſe it.
Virginitie, albeit ſome highly priſe it,
Compar'd with mariage, had you tride them both,
Differs as much, as wine and water doth.
Baſe boullion for the ſtamps ſake we allow,
Euen ſo for mens impreſsion doe we you.
By which alone, our reuerend fathers ſay;
Women receiue perfection euery way.
This idoll which you terme Virginitie,
Is neither eſſence ſubiect to the eie,
No, nor to any one exterior ſence,
Nor hath it any place of reſidence,
Nor is't of earth or mold celeſtiall,
Or capable of any forme at all.

Of that which hath no being, doe not boaſt,
Things that are not at all, are neuer loſt.
Men fooliſhly doe call it vertuous,
What vertue is it, that is borne with vs?
Much leſſe can honour be aſcrib'd thereto,
Honour is purchas'd by the deedes wee do.
Beleeue me *Hero*, honour is not wone,
Vntill ſome honourable deed be done.
Seeke you for chaſtitie, immortall fame,
And know that ſome haue wrong'd *Dianas* name?
Whoſe name is it, if ſhe be falſe or not,
So ſhe be faire, but ſome vile toongs will blot?
But you are faire (aye me) ſo wondrous faire,
So yong, ſo gentle, and ſo debonaire,
As *Greece* will thinke, if thus you liue alone,
Some one or other keepes you as his owne.
Then *Hero* hate me not, nor from me flie,
To follow ſwiftly blaſting infamie.
Perhaps, thy ſacred Prieſthood makes thee loath,
Tell me, to whom mad'ſt thou that heedleſſe oath?
To *Venus*, anſwered ſhee, and as ſhee ſpake,
Foorth from thoſe two tralucent ceſternes brake,
A ſtreame of liquid pearle, which downe her face
Made milk-white paths, wheron the gods might trace
To *Joues* high court. Hee thus replide: The rites
In which Loues beauteous Empreſſe moſt delites,

Are banquets, Dorick muſicke, midnight-reuell,
Plaies, masks, and all that ſterne age counteth euill.
Thee as a holy Idiot doth ſhe ſcorne,
For thou in vowing chaſtitie, haſt ſworne
To rob her name and honour, and thereby
Commit'ſt a ſinne far worſe than periurie.
Euen ſacrilege againſt her Deitie,
Through regular and formall puritie.
To expiat which ſinne, kiſſe and ſhake hands,
Such ſacrifice as this, *Venus* demands.
Thereat ſhe ſmilde, and did denie him ſo,
As put thereby, yet might he hope for mo.
Which makes him quickly re-enforce his ſpeech,
And her in humble maner thus beſeech.
Though neither gods nor men may thee deſerue,
Yet for her ſake whom you haue vow'd to ſerue,
Abandon fruitleſſe cold Virginitie,
The gentle queene of Loues ſole enemie.
Then ſhall you moſt reſemble *Venus* Nun,
When *Venus* ſweet rites are perform'd and dun,
Flint-breſted *Pallas* ioyes in ſingle life,
But *Pallas* and your miſtreſſe are at ſtrife.
Loue *Hero* then, and be not tyrannous,
But heale the heart that thou haſt wounded thus,
Nor ſtaine thy youthfull yeares with auarice,
Faire fooles delight to be accounted nice.

The richeſt corne dies, if it be not reapt,
Beautie alone is loſt, too warily kept.
Theſe arguments he vs'd, and many more,
Wherewith ſhe yeelded, that was woone before,
Heroes lookes yeelded, but her words made warre,
Women are woon when they begin to iarre.
Thus hauing ſwallow'd *Cupids* golden hooke,
The more ſhe ſtriu'd the deeper was ſhe ſtrooke.
Yet euilly faining anger, ſtroue ſhe ſtill,
And would be thought to graunt againſt her will.
So hauing paus'd a while, at laſt ſhee ſaid:
Who taught thee Rhetoricke to deceiue a maid?
Aye me, ſuch words as theſe ſhould I abhor,
And yet I like them for the Orator.
With that *Leander* ſtoopt, to haue imbrac'd her,
But from his ſpreading armes away ſhe caſt her,
And thus beſpake him. Gentle youth forbeare
To touch the ſacred garments which I weare.
Vpon a rocke, and vnderneath a hill,
Far from the towne (where all is whiſt and ſtill,
Saue that the ſea playing on yellow ſand,
Sends foorth a ratling murmure to the land,
Whoſe ſound allures the golden *Morpheus*,
In ſilence of the night to viſite vs.)
My turret ſtands, and there God knowes I play
With *Venus* ſwannes and ſparrowes all the day.

A dwarfiſh beldame beares me companie,
That hops about the chamber where I lie,
And ſpends the night (that might be better ſpent)
In vaine diſcourſe, and apiſh merriment.
Come thither; As ſhe ſpake this, her toong tript,
For vnawares *(Come thither)* from her ſlipt,
And ſodainly her former colour chang'd,
And here and there her eies through anger rang'd.
And like a planet, moouing ſeuerall waies,
At one ſelfe inſtant, ſhe poore ſoule aſſaies,
Louing, not to loue at all, and euerie part,
Stroue to reſiſt the motions of her hart.
And hands ſo pure, ſo innocent, nay ſuch,
As might haue made heauen ſtoope to haue a touch,
Did ſhe vphold to *Venus*, and againe,
Vow'd ſpotleſſe chaſtitie, but all in vaine,
Cupid beats downe her praiers with his wings,
Her vowes aboue the emptie aire he flings:
All deepe enrag'd, his ſinowie bow he bent,
And ſhot a ſhaft that burning from him went,
Wherewith ſhe ſtrooken, look't ſo dolefully,
As made Loue ſigh, to ſee his tirannie.
And as ſhe wept, her teares to pearle he turn'd,
And wound them on his arme, and for her mourn'd.
Then towards the pallace of the deſtinies,
Laden with languiſhment and griefe he flies.

And to thoſe ſterne nymphs humblie made requeſt,
Both might enioy each other, and be bleſt.
But with a ghaſtly dreadfull countenance,
Threatning a thouſand deaths at euery glance,
They anſwered Loue, nor would vouchſafe ſo much
As one poore word, their hate to him was ſuch.
Harken a while, and I will tell you why:
Heauens winged herrald, *Ioue-borne Mercury*,
The ſelfe-ſame day that he aſleep had layd
Inchanted *Argus*, ſpied a countrie mayd,
Whoſe careleſſe haire, in ſtead of pearle t'adorne it,
Gliſtred with deaw, as one that ſeem'd to skorne it:
Her breath as fragrant as the morning roſe,
Her mind pure, and her tongue vntaught to gloſe.
Yet prowd ſhe was, (for loftie pride that dwels
In tow'red courts, is oft in ſheapheards cels.)
And too too well the faire vermillion knew,
And ſiluer tincture of her cheekes, that drew
The loue of euery ſwaine: On her this god
Enamoured was, and with his ſnakie rod,
Did charme her nimble feet, and made her ſtay,
The while vpon a hillock downe he lay,
And ſweetly on his pipe began to play,
And with ſmooth ſpeech her fancie to aſſay,
Till in his twining armes he lockt her faſt,
And then he woo'd with kiſſes, and at laſt,

As ſheapheards do, her on the ground he layd,
And tumbling in the graſſe, he often ſtrayd
Beyond the bounds of ſhame, in being bold
To eie thoſe parts, which no eie ſhould behold.
And like an inſolent commanding louer,
Boaſting his parentage, would needs diſcouer
The way to new *Eliſium*: but ſhe,
Whoſe only dower was her chaſtitie,
Hauing ſtriu'ne in vaine, was now about to crie,
And craue the helpe of ſheapheards that were nie.
Herewith he ſtaid his furie, and began
To giue her leaue to riſe, away ſhe ran,
After went *Mercurie*, who vſde ſuch cunning,
As ſhe to heare his tale, left off her running.
Maids are not woon by brutiſh force and might,
But ſpeeches full of pleaſures and delight.
And knowing *Hermes* courted her, was glad
That ſhe ſuch louelineſſe and beautie had,
As could prouoke his liking, yet was mute,
And neither would denie, nor grant his ſute.
Still vowd he loue, ſhe wanting no excuſe
To feed him with delaies, as women vſe:
Or thirſting after immortalitie,
All women are ambitious naturallie,
Impoſde vpon her louer ſuch a taske,
As he ought not performe, nor yet ſhe aske.

A draught of flowing *Nectar* she requested,
Wherewith the king of Gods and men is feasted.
He readie to accompliſh what she wild,
Stole some from *Hebe* (*Hebe*, *Ioues* cup fild,)
And gaue it to his simple ruſtike loue,
Which being knowne (as what is hid from *Ioue*)
He inly storm'd, and waxt more furious,
Than for the fire filcht by *Prometheus*;
And thrusts him down frõ heauen, he wandring heere,
In mournfull tearmes, with sad and heauie cheere
Complaind to *Cupid*, *Cupid* for his sake,
To be reueng'd on *Joue*, did vndertake,
And those on whom heauen, earth, and hell relies,
I meane the Adamantine Destinies,
He wounds with loue, and forst them equallie,
To dote vpon deceitfull *Mercurie*.
They offred him the deadly fatall knife,
That sheares the slender threads of humane life,
At his faire feathered feet, the engins layd,
Which th'earth from ougly *Chaos* den vp-wayd:
These he regarded not, but did intreat,
That *Joue*, vsurper of his fathers seat,
Might presently be baniſht into hell,
And aged *Saturne* in *Olympus* dwell.
They granted what he crau'd, and once againe,
Saturne and *Ops*, began their golden raigne.

Murder,

Murder, rape, warre, luſt and trecherie,
Were with *Ioue* cloſ'd in *Stigian* Emperie.
But long this bleſſed time continued not,
As ſoone as he his wiſhed purpoſe got;
He reckleſſe of his promiſe, did deſpiſe
The loue of th'euerlaſting Deſtinies.
They ſeeing it, both Loue and him abhor'd,
And *Jupiter* vnto his place reſtor'd.
And but that Learning, in deſpight of Fate,
Will mount aloft, and enter heauen gate,
And to the ſeat of *Ioue* it ſelfe aduance,
Hermes had ſlept in hell with ignorance.
Yet as a puniſhment they added this,
That he and *Pouertie* ſhould alwaies kis.
And to this day is euerie ſcholler poore,
Groſſe gold from them runs headlong to the boore.
Likewiſe the angrie ſiſters thus deluded,
To venge themſelues on *Hermes*, haue concluded
That *Midas* brood ſhall ſit in Honors chaire,
To which the *Muſes* ſonnes are only heire:
And fruitfull wits that in aſpiring are,
Shall diſcontent run into regions farre;
And few great Lords in vertuous deeds ſhal ioy,
But be ſurpris'd with euery gariſh toy.
And ſtill inrich the loftie ſeruile clowne,
Who with incroching guile, keepes learning downe.

Then

Then muſe not *Cupids* ſute no better ſped,
Seeing in their loues the Fates were iniured.

The end of the firſt Seſtyad.

THE ARGVMENT OF THE SECOND SESTYAD.

Hero *of loue takes deeper ſence,*
And doth her loue more recompence.
Their firſt nights meeting, where ſweet kiſſes
Are th'only crownes of both their bliſſes.
*He ſwims t'*Abydus, *and returnes;*
Cold Neptune *with his beautie burnes,*
Whoſe ſuite he ſhuns, and doth aſpire
Heros *faire towre, and his deſire.*

BY this, ſad *Hero*, with loue vnacquainted,
Viewing *Leanders* face, fell downe and fainted.
He kiſt her, and breath'd life into her lips,
Wherewith as one diſpleaſde, away ſhe trips.
Yet as ſhe went, full often lookt behinde,
And many poore excuſes did ſhe finde,
To linger by the way, and once ſhe ſtaid,
And would haue turnde againe, but was afraid,

In offring parlie, to be counted light.
So on ſhe goes, and in her idle flight.
Her painted fanne of curled plumes let fall,
Thinking to traine *Leander* therewithall.
He being a nouice, knew not what ſhe meant,
But ſtayd, and after her a lettet ſent.
Which ioyfull *Heor* anſwerd in ſuch ſort,
As he had hope to ſcale the beauteous fort,
Wherein the liberall graces lock'd their wealth,
And therefore to her tower he got by ſtealth.
Wide open ſtood the doore, he need not clime;
And ſhe her ſelfe before the pointed time,
Had ſpread the boord, with roſes ſtrowed the roome,
And oft look'd out, and mus'd he did not come.
At laſt he came, O who can tell the greeting,
Theſe greedie louers had, at their firſt meeting.
He askt, ſhe gaue, and nothing was denied,
Both to each other quickly were affied.
Looke how their hands, ſo were their hearts vnited,
And what he did, ſhe willingly requited.
(Sweet are the kiſſes, the imbracements ſweet,
When like deſires and affections meet,
For from the earth to heauen, is *Cupid* rais'd,
Where fancie is in equall ballance pais'd)
Yet ſhe this raſhneſſe ſodainly repented,
And tur'd aſide, and to her ſelfe lamented.

As if her name and honor had been wroing'd,
By being posseſt of him for whom ſhe long'd:
I, and ſhee wiſht, albeit not from her hart,
That he would leaue her turret and depart.
The mirthfull God of amorous pleaſure ſmil'd,
To ſee how he this captiue Nymph beguil'd.
For hitherto hee did but fan the fier,
And kept it downe that it might mount the hier.
Now waxt ſhe iealous, leaſt his loue abated,
Fearing, her owne thoughts made her to be hated.
Therefore vnto him haſtily ſhe goes,
And like light *Salmacis*, her body throes
Vpon his boſome, where with yeelding eyes,
She offers vp her ſelfe a ſacrifice,
To ſlake his anger, if he were diſpleas'd,
O what god would not therewith be appeas'd?
Like *Æſops* cocke, this iewell he enioyed,
And as a brother with his ſiſter toyed,
Suppoſing nothing elſe was to be done,
Now he her fauour and good will had wone.
But know you not that creatures wanting ſence,
By nature haue a mutuall appetence,
And wanting organs to aduaunce a ſtep,
Mou'd by Loues force, vnto ech other lep?
Much more in ſubiects hauing intellect,
Some hidden influence breeds like effect.

Albeit *Leander* rude in loue, and raw,
Long dallying with *Hero*, nothing ſaw
That might delight him more, yet he ſuſpected
Some amorous rites or other were neglected:
Therefore vnto his bodie, hirs he clung,
She, fearing on the ruſhes to be flung,
Striu'd with redoubled ſtrength, the more ſhe ſtriued,
The more a gentle pleaſing heat reuiued,
Which taught him all that elder louers know,
And now the ſame gan ſo to ſcorch and glow,
As in plaine termes (yet cunningly) he crau'd it.
Loue alwaies makes thoſe eloquent that haue it.
Shee, with a kind of graunting, put him by it,
And euer as he thought himſelfe moſt nigh it,
Like to the tree of *Tantalus* ſhe fled,
And ſeeming lauiſh, ſau'de her maydenhead.
Ne're king more fought to keepe his diademe,
Than *Hero* this ineſtimable gemme.
Aboue our life we loue a ſtedfaſt frend,
Yet when a token of great worth we ſend,
We often kiſſe it, often looke thereon,
And ſtay the meſſenger that would be gon:
No maruell then, though *Hero* would not yeeld
So ſoone to part from that ſhe deerely held.
Iewels being loſt are found againe, this neuer,
Tis loſt but once, and once loſt, loſt for euer.

Now had the morne espy'de her louers steeds,
Whereat she starts, puts on her purple weeds,
And red for anger that he stayd so long,
All headlong throwes her selfe the clouds among,
And now *Leander* fearing to be mist,
Imbrast her sodainly, tooke leaue, and kist,
Long was he taking leaue, and loath to go,
And kist againe, as louers vse to do,
Sad *Hero* wroong him by the hand, and wept,
Saying, let your vowes and promises be kept.
Then standing at the doore, she turnd about
As loath to see *Leander* going out.
And now the sunne that through th'orizon peepes,
As pittying these louers, downeward creepes.
So that in silence of the cloudie night,
Though it was morning, did he take his flight.
But what the secret trustie night conceal'd,
Leanders amorous habit soone reueal'd,
With *Cupids* myrtle was his bonet crownd,
About his armes the purple riband wound,
Wherewith she wreth'd her largely spreading heare,
Nor could the youth abstaine, but he must weare
The sacred ring wherewith she was endowd,
When first religious chastitie she vow'd:
Which made his loue through *Sestos* to be knowne,
And thence vnto *Abydus* sooner blowne,

Than he could ſaile, for incorporall Fame,
Whoſe waight conſiſts in nothing but her name,
Is ſwifter than the wind, whoſe tardie plumes,
Are reeking water, and dull earthlie fumes.
Home when he came, he ſeem'd not to be there,
But like exiled aire thruſt from his ſphere,
Set in a forren place, and ſtraight from thence,
Alcides like, by mightie violence,
He would haue chac'd away the ſwelling maine,
That him from her vniuſtly did deataine.
Like as the ſunne in a Dyameter,
Fires and inflames obiects remooued farre,
And heateth kindly, ſhining lat rally,
So beautie, ſweetly quickens when t'is ny,
But being ſeparated and remooued,
Burnes where it cheriſht, murdrs where it loued.
Therefore euen as an Index to a booke,
So to his mind was yoong *Leanders* looke,
O none but gods haue power their loue to hide,
Affection by the count nance is deſcride.
The light of hidden fire it ſelfe diſcouers,
And loue that is conceal'd, betraies poore louers.
His ſecret flame apparantly was ſeene,
Leanders Father knew where he had beene,
And for the ſame mildly rebuk't his ſonne,
Thinking to quench the ſparckles new begonne.

But loue reſiſted once, growes paſſionate,
And nothing more than coumfaile, louers hate.
For as a hote prowd horſe highly diſdaines,
To haue his head controul'd, but breakes the raines,
Spits foorth the ringled bit, and with his houes,
Checkes the ſubmiſsiue ground: ſo hee that loues,
The more he is reſtrain'd, the woorſe he fares,
What is it now, but mad *Leander* dares?
O *Hero*, *Hero*, thus he cry'de full oft,
And then he got him to a rocke aloft.
Where hauing ſpy'de her tower, long ſtar'd he on't,
And pray'd the narrow toyling *Helleſpont*,
To part in twaine, that hee might come and go,
But ſtill the riſing billowes anſwered no.
With that hee ſtript him to the yu'rie skin,
And crying, Loue I come, leapt liuely in.
Whereat the ſaphir viſag'd god grew prowd,
And made his capring *Triton* ſound alowd,
Imagining, that *Ganimed* diſpleas'd,
Had left the heauens, therefore on him he ſeaz'd.
Leander ſtriu'd, the waues about him wound,
And puld him to the bottome, where the ground
Was ſtrewd with pearle, and in low corrall groues
Sweet ſinging Meremaids, ſported with their loues
On heapes of heauie gold, and tooke great pleaſure,
To ſpurne in careleſſe ſort, the ſhipwracke treaſure.

For here the ſtately azure pallace ſtood,
Where kingly *Neptune* and his traine abode,
The luſtie god imbra'ſt him, cald him loue,
And ſwore he neuer ſhould returne to loue.
But when he knew it was not *Ganimed*,
For vnder water he was almoſt dead,
He heau'd him vp, and looking on his face,
Beat downe the bold waues with his triple mace,
Which mounted vp, intending to haue kiſt him,
And fell in drops like teares, becauſe they miſt him.
Leander being vp began to ſwim,
And looking backe, ſaw *Neptune* follow him.
Whereat agaſt, the poore ſoule gan to crie,
O let mee viſit *Hero* ere I die.
The god put *Helles* bracelet on his arme,
And ſwore the ſea ſhould neuer doe him harme.
He clapt his plumpe cheekes, with his treſſes playd,
And ſmiling wantonly, his loue bewrayd.
He watcht his armes, and as they opend wide,
At euery ſtroke, betwixt them would he ſlide,
And ſteale a kiſſe, and then run out and daunce,
And as he turnde, caſt many a luſtfull glance,
And threw him gawdie toies to pleaſe his eie,
And diue into the water, and there prie
Vpon his breſt, his thighes, and euerie lim,
And vp againe, and cloſe beſide him ſwim.

And talke of loue: *Leander* made replie,
You are decau'd, I am no woman I,
Thereat ſmilde *Neptune*, and then told a tale,
How that a ſheapheard ſitting in a vale,
Playd with a boy ſo faire and kind,
As for his loue, both earth and heauen pyn'd;
That of the cooling riuer durſt not drinke,
Leaſt water-nymphs ſhould pull him from the brinke.
And when hee ſported in the fragrant lawnes,
Gote-footed Satyrs, and vp-ſtaring Fawnes,
Would ſteale him thence. Ere halfe this tale was done,
Aye me, *Leander* oryde, th'enamoured ſunne,
That now ſhould ſhine on *Thetis* glaſſie bower,
Deſcends vpon my raiant *Heroes* tower.
O that theſe tardie armes of mine were wings,
And as he ſpake, vpon the waues he ſprings.
Neptune was angrie that hee gaue no eare,
And in his heart reuenging malice bare:
He flung at him his mace, but as it went,
He cald it in, for loue made him repent,
The mace returning backe, his owne hand hit,
As meaning to be veng'd for darting it.
When this freſh bleeding wound *Leander* viewd,
His colour went and came, as if he rewd.
The greeſe which *Neptune* felt. In gentle breſts,
Relenting thoughts, remorſe and pittie reſts.

Trouping together, made her wonder why
She ſhould not leaue her bed, and to the Temple?
Her health ſayd ſhe muſt liue; her ſex diſſemble.
She viewd *Leanders* place, and wiſht he were
Turnd to his place, ſo his place were *Leander*.
Aye me (ſayd ſhe) that loues ſweet life and ſence
Should doe it harme! my loue had not gone hence,
Had he been like his place. O bleſſed place,
Image of Conſtancie. Thus my loues grace
Parts no where but it leaues ſome thing behinde
Worth obſeruation: he renowmes his kinde.
His motion is like heauens Orbiculer:
For where he once is, he is euer there.
This place was mine: *Leander* now t'is thine;
Thou being my ſelfe, then it is double mine:
Mine, and *Leanders* mine, *Leanders* mine.
O ſee what wealth it yeelds me, nay yeelds him:
For I am in it, he for me doth ſwim.
Rich, fruitfull loue, that doubling ſelfe eſtates
Elixer-like contracts, though ſeparates.
Deare place I kiſſe thee, and doe welcome thee,
As from *Leander* euer ſent to mee.

The end of the third Seſtyad.

THE ARGVMENT OF THE FOVRTH SESTYAD.

Hero, *in sacred habit decke,*
Doth priuate sacrifice effect.
Her Skarfs description wrought by fate,
Ostents, *that threaten her estate.*
The strange, yet Phisicall euents,
Leanders *counterfeit presents.*
In thunder, Ciprides *descends,*
Presaging both the louers ends.
Ecte *the Goddesse of remorce,*
With vocall and articulate force
Inspires Leucote, Venus *swan,*
T'excuse the beautious Sestian.
Venus, *to wreake her rites abuses,*
Creates the monster Eronusis;
Enflaming Heros *Sacrifice,*
With lightning darted from her eyes:
And thereof springs the painted beast,
That euer since taints euery breast.

NOw from *Leanders* place she rose, and found
Her haire and rent robe scattred on the ground:

Which taking vp, ſhe euery peece did lay
Vpon an Altar; where in youth of day
She vſde t'exhibite priuate Sacrifice:
Thoſe would ſhe offer to the Deities
Of her faire Goddeſſe, and her powerfull ſon,
As relicks of her late-felt paſſion:
And in that holy ſort ſhe vowd to end them,
In hope her violent fancies that did rend them,
Would as quite fade in her loues holy fire,
As they ſhould in the flames ſhe ment t'inſpire.
Then put ſhe on all her religious weedes,
That deckt her in her ſecret ſacred deedes:
A crowne of Iſickles, that ſunne nor fire
Could euer melt, and figur'd chaſt deſire:
A golden ſtar ſhinde in her naked breaſt,
In honour of the Queene-light of the Eaſt.
In her right hand ſhe held a ſiluer wand,
On whoſe bright top *Periſtera* did ſtand,
Who was a Nymph, but now tranſformd a Doue,
And in her life was deare in *Venus* loue:
And for her ſake ſhe euer ſince that time, (blew clime.
Chuſde Doues to draw her Coach through heauens
Her plentious haire in curled billowes ſwims
On her bright ſhoulder: her harmonious limbs
Suſtainde no more but a moſt ſubtile vaile
That hung on them, as it durſt not aſſaile

Their different concord: for the weakeſt ayre
Could raiſe it ſwelling from her bewties fayre:
Nor did it couer, but adumbrate onelie
Her moſt heart-piercing parts, that a bleſt eie
Might ſee (as it did ſhadow) fearfullie,
All that all-loue-deſeruing Paradiſe:
It was as blew as the moſt freezing skies
Neere the Seas hew, for thence her Goddeſſe came:
On it a skarfe ſhe wore of wondrous frame;
In midſt whereof ſhe wrought a virgins face,
From whoſe each cheeke a firie bluſh did chace
Two crimſon flames, that did two waies extend,
Spreading the ample skarfe to either end,
Which figur'd the diuiſion of her minde,
Whiles yet ſhe reſted baſhfully inclinde,
And ſtood not reſolute to wed *Leander*.
This ſeru'd her white neck for a purple ſphere,
And caſt it ſelfe at full breadth downe her back.
There (ſince the firſt breath that begun the wrack
Of her free quiet from *Leanders* lips)
She wrought a Sea in one ſtame full of ſhips:
But that one ſhip where all her wealth did paſſe
(Like ſimple marchants goods) *Leander* was:
For in that Sea ſhe naked figured him;
Her diuing needle taught him how to ſwim,
And to each thred did ſuch reſemblance giue,

For ioy to be ſo like him, it did liue.
Things ſenceles liue by art, and rationall die,
By rude contempt of art and induſtrie.
Scarce could ſhe work but in her ſtrength of thought,
She feard ſhe prickt *Leander* as ſhe wrought:
And oft would ſhrieke ſo, that her Guardian frighted,
Would ſtaring haſte, as with ſome miſchiefe cited.
They double life that dead things griefs ſuſtayne:
They kill that feele not their friends liuing payne.
Sometimes ſhe feard he ſought her infamie,
And then as ſhe was working of his eie,
She thought to pricke it out to quench her ill:
But as ſhe prickt, it grew more perfect ſtill.
Trifling attempts no ſerious acts aduance,
The fire of loue is blowne by dalliance.
In working his fayre neck ſhe did ſo grace it,
She ſtill was working her owne armes t'imbrace it:
That, and his ſhoulders, and his hands were ſeene
Aboue the ſtreame, and with a pure Sea greene
She did ſo queintly ſhadow euery lim,
All might be ſeene beneath the waues to ſwim.
In this conceited skarfe ſhe wrought beſide
A Moone in change, and ſhooting ſtars did glide
In number after her with bloodie beames,
Which figur'd her affects in their extreames,
Purſuing Nature in her Cynthian bodie,

And did her thoughts running on change implie:
For maids take more delights when they prepare
And thinke of wiues states, than when wiues they are.
Beneath all these she wrought a Fisherman,
Drawing his nets from forth that Ocean;
Who drew so hard ye might discouer well,
The toughned sinewes in his neck did swell:
His inward straines draue out his blood-shot eyes,
And springs of sweat did in his forehead rise:
Yet was of nought but of a Serpent sped,
That in his bosome flew and stung him dead.
And this by fate into her minde was sent,
Not wrought by meere instinct of her intent.
At the skarfs other end her hand did frame,
Neere the forkt point of the deuided flame,
A countrie Virgin keeping of a Vine,
Who did of hollow bulrushes combine
Snares for the stubble-louing Grashopper,
And by her lay her skrip that nourisht her.
Within a myrtle shade she sate and sung,
And tufts of wauing reedes about her sprung:
Where lurkt two Foxes, that while she applide
Her trifling snares, their theeueries did deuide:
One to the vine, another to her skrip,
That she did negligently ouerslip:
By which her fruitfull vine and holesome fare,

She ſuffred ſpoyld to make a childiſh ſnare.
Theſe omenous fancies did her ſoule expreſſe,
And euery finger made a Propheteſſe,
To ſhew what death was hid in loues diſguiſe,
And make her iudgement conquer deſtinies.
O what ſweet formes fayre Ladies ſoules doe ſhrowd,
Were they made ſeene & forced through their blood,
If through their beauties like rich work through lawn,
They would ſet forth their minds with vertues drawn,
In letting graces from their fingers flie,
To ſtill their yas thoughts with induſtrie:
That their plied wits in numbred ſilks might ſing
Paſsions huge conqueſt, and their needels leading
Affection priſoner through their own-built cities,
Pinniond with ſtories and Arachnean ditties.
Proceed we now with *Heros* ſacrifice;
She odours burnd, and from their ſmoke did riſe
Vnſauorie fumes, that ayre with plagues inſpired,
And then the conſecrated ſticks ſhe fired.
On whoſe pale flame an angrie ſpirit flew,
And beate it downe ſtill as it vpward grew.
The virgin Tapers that on th'altar ſtood,
When ſhe inflam'd them burnd as red as blood:
All ſad oſtents of that too neere ſucceſſe,
That made ſuch mouing beauties motionleſſe.
Then *Hero* wept; but her affrighted eyes

She quickly wrested from the sacrifice!
Shut them, and inwards for *Leander* lookt,
Searcht her soft bosome, and from thence she pluckt
His louely picture: which when she had viewd,
Her beauties were with all loues ioyes renewd.
The odors sweetned, and the fires burnd cleere,
Leanders forme left no ill obiect there.
Such was his beautie that the force of light,
Whose knowledge teacheth wonders infinite.
The strength of number and proportion,
Nature had plaste in it to make it knowne.
Art was her daughter, and what humane wits
For studie lost, intombd in drosie spirits.
After this accident (which for her glorie
Hero could not but make a historie)
Th'inhabitants of *Sestus*, and *Abydus*,
Did euery yeare with feasts propitious,
To fayre *Leanders* picture sacrifice,
And they were persons of especiall prize
That were allowd it, as an ornament
T'inrich their houses; for the continent
Of the strange vertues all approu'd it held:
For euen the very looke of it repeld
All blastings, witchcrafts, and the strifes of nature
In those diseases that no hearbs could cure.
The woolfie sting of Auarice it would pull,

And who haue hard hearts, and obdurat minds,
But vicious, harebraind, and illit'rat hinds?
The god seeing him with pittie to be moued,
Thereon concluded that he was beloued.
(Loue is too full offaith, too credulous,
With follie and false hope deluding vs.)
Wherefore *Leanders* fancie to surprize,
To the rich *Ocean* for gifts he flies.
Tis wisedome to giue much, a gift preuailes,
When deepe perswading Oratorie failes,
By this *Leander* being neere the land,
Cast downe his wearie feet, and felt the sand
Breathlesse albeit he were, he rested not,
Till to the solitarie tower he got.
And knockt and cald, at which celestiall noise,
The longing heart of *Hero* much more ioies
Then nymphs & sheapheards, when the timbrell rings,
Or crooked Dolphin when the sailer sings;
She stayd not for her robes, but straight arose,
And drunke with gladnesse, to the dore she goes.
Where seeing a naked man, she scriecht for feare,
Such sights as this, to tender maids are rare.
And ran in to the darke her selfe to hide,
Rich iewels in the darke are soonest spide.
Vnto her was he led, or rather drawne, (lawne.
By those white limmes, which sparckled through the

The neerer that he came, the more she fled,
And seeking refuge, slipt into her bed.
Whereon *Leander* sitting, thus began,
Though numming cold, all feeble, faint and wan:
If not for loue, yet loue for pittie sake,
Me in thy bed and maiden bosome take,
At least vouchsafe these armes some little roome,
Who hoping to imbrace thee, cherely swoome.
This head was beat with manie a churlish billow,
And therefore let it rest vpon thy pillow.
Herewith affrighted *Hero* shrunke away,
And in her luke-warme place *Leander* lay.
Whose liuely heat like fire from heauen fet,
Would animate grosse clay, and higher set
The drooping thoughts of base declining soules,
Then drerie *Mars*, carowsing *Nectar* boules.
His hands he cast vpon her like a snare,
She ouercome with shame and sallow feare,
Like chast *Diana*, when *Acteon* spyde her,
Being sodainly betraide, dyu'd downe to hide her.
And as her siluer body downeward went,
With both her hands she made the bed a tent,
And in her owne mind thought her selfe secure,
O'recast with dim and darksome couerture.
And now she lets him whisper in her eare,
Flatter, intreat, promise, protest and sweare,

Yet euer as he greedily aſſayd,
To touch thoſe dainties, ſhe the *Harpey* playd,
And euery lim did as a ſoldier ſtout,
Defend the fort, and keep the foe-man out.
For though the riſing yu'rie mount he ſcal'd,
Which is with azure circling liues empal'd,
Much like a globe, (a globe may I tearme this,
By which loue ſailes to regions ful of blis,)
Yet there with *Syſiphus* he toyld in vaine,
Till gentle parlie did the truce obtaine.
She trembling ſtroue, this ſtrife of hers (like that
Which made the world) another world begat,
Of vnknowne ioy. Treaſon was in her thought,
And cunningly to yeeld her ſelfe ſhe ſought.
Seeming not woon, yet woon ſhe was at length,
In ſuch warres women vſe but halfe their ſtrength.
Leander now like Theban *Hercules*,
Entred the orchard of *Th'eſperides*.
Whoſe fruit none rightly can deſcribe, but hee
That puls or ſhakes it from the golden tree:
Wherein *Leander* on her quiuering breſt,
Breathleſſe ſpoke ſome things, and ſigh'd out the reſt;
Which ſo preuail'd, as he with ſmall ado,
Inclos'd her in his armes and kiſt her to.
And euerie kiſſe to her was as a charme,
And to *Leander* as a freſh alarme.

So that the truce was broke, and ſhe alas,
(Poore ſillie maiden) at his mercie was.
Loue is not full of pittie (as men ſay)
But deafſe and cruell, where he meanes to pray.
Euen as a bird, which in our hands we wring,
Fourth plungeth, and oft flutters with her wing.
And now ſhe wiſht this night were neuer done.
And ſigh'd to thinke vpon th'approching ſunne,
For much it greeu'd her that the bright day-light,
Should know the pleaſure of this bleſſed night.
And then like *Mars* and *Ericine* diſplayd,
Both in each others armes chaind as they layd.
Againe ſhe knew not how to frame her looke,
Or ſpeake to him who in a moment tooke,
That which ſo long ſo charily ſhe kept,
And faine by ſtealth away ſhe would haue crept,
And to ſome corner ſecretly haue gone,
Leauing *Leander* in the bed alone.
But as her naked feet were whipping out,
He on the ſuddaine clingd her ſo about,
That Meremaid-like vnto the floore ſhe ſlid,
And halfe appear'd the other halfe was hid.
Thus neere the bed ſhe blu ſhing ſtood vpright,
And from her countenance behold ye might,
A kind of twilight breake, which through the heare,
As from an orient cloud, glymſe here and there.

And round about the chamber this falſe morne,
Brought foorth the day before the day was borne.
So *Heroes* ruddie cheeke *Hero* betrayd.
And her all naked to his ſight diſplayd
Whence his admiring eyes more pleaſure tooke,
Than *Dis*, on heapes of gold fixing his looke.
By this *Apollos* golden harpe began,
To ſound foorth muſicke to the *Ocean*,
Which watchfull *Heſperus* no ſooner heard,
But he the day bright-bearing Car prepar'd.
And ran before, as Harbenger of light,
And with his flaring beames mockt ougly night,
Till ſhe o'recome with anguiſh, ſhame, and rage,
Hurld downe to hell her loathſome carriage.

The end of the ſecond Seſtyad.

TO MY BEST ESTEEMED AND WORTHELY HONORED LADY, THE LADY WALSINGHAM, one of the Ladies of her Maiesties Bed-chamber.

I *Present your Ladiſhip with the laſt affections of the firſt two Louers that euer* Muſe *ſhrinde in the Temple of* Memorie; *being drawne by ſtrange inſtigation to employ ſome of my ſerious time in ſo trifeling a ſubiect, which yet made the firſt Author, diuine* Muſæus, *eternall. And were it not that wee muſt ſubiect our accounts of theſe common receiued conceits to ſeruile cuſtome; it goes much againſt my hand to ſigne that for a trifling ſubiect, on which more worthines of ſoule hath been ſhewed, and weight of diuine wit, than can vouchſafe reſidence in the leaden grauitie of any* Mony-Monger; *in whoſe profeſſion all ſerious ſubiects are concluded. But he that ſhuns trifles muſt ſhun the world; out of whoſe reuerend heapes of ſubſtance and auſteritie, I can, and will, ere long, ſingle, or tumble out as brainles and paſſionate fooleries, as euer panted in the boſome of the moſt ridiculous*

Louer.

Louer. Accept it therfore (good Madam) though as a trifle, yet as a serious argument of my affection: for to bee thought thankefull for all free and honourble fauours, is a great summe of that riches my whole thrift intendeth.

Such vncourtly and sillie dispositions as mine, whose contentment hath other obiects than profit or glorie; are as glad, simply for the naked merit of vertue, to honour such as aduance her, as others that are hired to commend with deepeliest politique bountie.

It hath therefore adioynde much contentment to my desire of your true honour to heare men of desert in Court, adde to mine owne knowledge of your noble disposition, how gladly you doe your best to preferre their desires; and haue as absolute respect to their meere good parts, as if they came perfumed and charmed with golden incitements. And this most sweet inclination, that flowes from the truth and eternitie of Nobles; assure your Ladiship doth more suite your other Ornaments, and makes more to the aduancement of your Name, and happines of your proceedings, then if (like others) you displaied Ensignes of state and sowrenes in your forehead; made smooth with nothing but sensualitie and presents.

This poore Dedication (in figure of the other vnitie betwixt Sir Thomas *and your selfe) hath reioynd you with him, my honoured best friend; whose continuance of ancient*

kindnes

kindnes to my still-obscured estate, though it cannot encrease my loue to him, which hath euer been entirely circulare; yet shall it encourage my deserts to their vtmost requitall, and make my hartie gratitude speake; to which the vnhappines of my life hath hetherto been vncomfortable and painfull dumbnes.

By your Ladiships vowd in
most wished seruice:

George Chapman.

THE ARGVMENT OF THE THIRD SESTYAD.

Leander *to the enuious light*
Reſignes his night-ſports with the night,
And ſwims the Helleſpont *againe;*
Theſme *the Deitie ſoueraigne*
Of Cuſtomes and religious rites
Appeares, improuing his delites
Since Nuptiall honors he neglected;
VVhich ſtraight he vowes ſhall be effected.
Faire Hero *left Deuirginate*
VVaies, and with furie wailes her ſtate:
But with her loue and womans wit
She argues, and approueth it.

NEw light giues new directions, Fortunes new
To faſhion our indeuours that enſue,
More harſh (at leſt more hard) more graue and hie
Our ſubiect runs, and our ſterne *Muſe* muſt flie,
Loues edge is taken off, and that light flame,
Thoſe thoughts, ioyes, longings, that before became,
High vnexperienſt blood, and maids ſharpe plights,

Muſt now grow ſtaid, and cenſure the delights,
That being enioyd aske iudgement; now we praiſe,
As hauing parted: Euenings crowne the daies.
And now ye wanton loues, and yong deſires,
Pied vanitie, the mint of ſtrange Attires;
Ye liſping Flatteries, and obſequious Glances,
Relentfull Muſicks, and attractiue Dances,
And you deteſted Charmes conſtraining loue,
Shun loues ſtolne ſports by that theſe Louers proue.
By this the Soueraigne of Heauens golden fires,
And yong *Leander*, Lord of his deſires,
Together from their louers armes aroſe:
Leander into *Helleſpontus* throwes
His *Hero*-handled bodie, whoſe delight
Made him diſdaine each other Epethite.
And as amidſt the enamourd waues he ſwims,
He cals Phœbus the God of Gold, ſince the vertue of his beams creates it.
The God of gold of purpoſe guilt his lims,
That this word guilt, including double ſence,
The double guilt of his *Incontinence*,
Might be expreſt, that had no ſtay t'employ
The treaſure which the Loue-god let him ioy
In his deare *Hero*, with ſuch ſacred thrift,
As had beſeemd ſo ſanctified a gift:
But like a greedie vulgar Prodigall
Would on the ſtock diſpend, and rudely fall
Before his time, to that vnbleſſed bleſſing,

Which for luſts plague doth periſh with poſſeſſing.
Joy grauen in ſence, like ſnow in water waſts;
Without preſerue of vertue, nothing laſts.
What man is he that with a welthie eie,
Enioyes a beautie richer than the skie,
Through whoſe white skin, ſofter then ſoundeſt ſleep,
With damaske eyes, the rubie blood doth peep,
And runs in branches through her azure vaines,
Whoſe mixture and firſt fire, his loue attaines;
Whoſe both hands limit, both Loues deities,
And ſweeten humane thoughts like Paradiſe;
Whoſe diſpoſition ſilken is and kinde,
Directed with an earth-exempted minde;
Who thinks not heauen with ſuch a loue is giuen?
And who like earth would ſpend that dower of heauē,
With ranke deſire to ioy it all at firſt?
What ſimply kils our hunger, quencheth thirſt,
Clothes but our nakednes, and makes vs liue?
Praiſe doth not any of her fauours giue:
But what doth plentifully miniſter
Beautious apparell and delicious cheere,
So orderd that it ſtill excites deſire,
And ſtill giues pleaſure freenes to aſpire
The palme of *Bountie*, euer moyſt preſeruing:
To loues ſweet life this is the courtly caruing.
Thus *Time*, and all-ſtates-ordering *Ceremonie*

Had baniſht all offence: *Times* golden *Thie*
Vpholds the flowrie bodie of the earth,
In ſacred harmonie, and euery birth
Of men, and actions makes legitimate,
Being vſde aright; *The vſe of time is Fate.*

Yet did the gentle flood transfer once more,
This prize of Loue home to his fathers ſhore;
Where he vnlades himſelfe of that falſe welth
That makes few rich; treaſures compoſde by ſtelth
And to his ſiſter kinde *Hermione,*
(Who on the ſhore kneeld, praying to the ſea
For his returne) he all Loues goods did ſhow
In *Hero* ſeaſde for him, in him for *Hero.*

His moſt kinde ſiſter all his ſecrets knew,
And to her ſinging like a ſhower he flew,
Sprinkling the earth, that to their tombs tooke in
Streames dead for loue, to leaue his iuorie skin,
Which yet a ſnowie fome did leaue aboue,
As ſoule to the dead water that did loue;
And from thence did the firſt white Roſes ſpring,
(For loue is ſweet and faire in euery thing)
And all the ſweetned ſhore as he did goe,
Was crownd with odrous roſes white as ſnow.
Loue-bleſt *Leander* was with loue ſo filled,
That loue to all that toucht him he inſtilled.
And as the colours of all things we ſee,

To our ſights powers communicated bee:
So to all obiects that in compaſſe came
Of any ſence he had; his ſences flame
Flowd from his parts, with force ſo virtuall,
It fir'd with ſence things meere inſenſuall.

Now (with warme baths and odours comforted)
When he lay downe he kindly kiſt his bed,
As conſecrating it to *Heros* right,
And vowd thereafter that what euer ſight
Put him in minde of *Hero*, or her bliſſe,
Should be her Altar to prefer a kiſſe.

Then laid he forth his late inriched armes,
In whoſe white circle Loue writ all his charmes,
And made his characters ſweet *Heros* limbs,
When on his breaſts warme ſea ſhe ſideling ſwims.
And as thoſe armes (held vp in circle) met,
He ſaid; ſee ſiſter *Heros* Carquenet,
Which ſhe had rather weare about her neck,
Then all the iewels that doth *Juno* deck.

But as he ſhooke with paſsionate deſire,
To put in flame his other ſecret fire,
A muſick ſo diuine did pierce his eare,
As neuer yet his rauiſht ſence did heare:
When ſuddenly a light of twentie hews
Brake through the roofe, and like the Rainbow views
Amazd *Leander*; in whoſe beames came downe

The Goddesse *Ceremonie*, with a Crowne
Of all the stars, and heauen with her descended,
Her flaming haire to her bright feete extended,
By which hung all the bench of Deities;
And in a chaine, compact of eares and eies,
Shield Religion; all her bodie was
Cleere and transparent as the pureſt glasse;
For she was all presented to the sence;
Deuotion, Order, State, and Reuerence,
Her shadowes were; Societie, Memorie;
All which her sight made liue; her absence die.
A rich disparent Pentackle she weares,
Drawne full of circles and strange characters:
Her face was changeable to euerie eie;
One way lookt ill, another graciouslie;
VVhich while men viewd, they cheerfull were & holy:
But looking off, vicious, and melancholy:
The snakie paths to each obserued law,
Did *Policie* in her broad bosome draw:
One hand a Mathematique Christall swayes,
VVhich gathering in one line a thousand rayes
From her bright eyes, *Confusion* burnes to death,
And all estates of men distinguisheth.
By it *Morallitie* and *Comelinesse*,
Themselues in all their sightly figures dresse.
Her other hand a lawrell rod applies,

To beate back *Barbariſme*, and *Auarice*,
That followd eating earth, and excrement
And humane lims; and would make proud aſcent
To ſeates of Gods, were *Ceremonie* ſlaine;
The *Howrs* and *Graces* bore her glorious traine,
And all the ſweetes of our ſocietie
VVere Spherde, and treaſurde in her bountious eie.
Thus ſhe appeard, and ſharply did reproue
Leanders bluntnes in his violent loue;
Tolde him how poore was ſubſtance without rites,
Like bils vnſignd; deſires without delites;
Like meates vnſeaſond; like ranke corne that growes
On Cottages, that none or reapes or ſowes:
Not being with ciuill forms confirm'd and bounded,
For humane dignities and comforts founded:
But looſe and ſecret all their glories hide,
Feare fils the chamber, darknes decks the Bride.
She vaniſht, leauing pierſt *Leanders* hart
VVith ſence of his vnceremonious part,
In which with plaine neglect of Nuptiall rites,
He cloſe and flatly fell to his delites:
And inſtantly he vowd to celebrate
All rites pertaining to his maried ſtate.
So vp he gets and to his father goes,
To whoſe glad eares he doth his vowes diſcloſe:
The Nuptials are reſolu'd with ytmoſt powre,

And he at night would ſwim to *Heros* towre.
From whence he ment to *Seſtus* forked Bay
To bring her couertly, where ſhips muſt ſtay,
Sent by her father throughly rigd and mand,
To waft her ſafely to *Abydus* Strand.
There leaue we him, and with freſh wing purſue
Aſtoniſht *Hero*, whoſe moſt wiſhed view
I thus long haue forborne, becauſe I left her
So out of countnance, and her ſpirits bereft her.
To looke of one abaſht is impudence,
VVhen of ſleight faults he hath too deepe a ſence.
Her bluſhing het her chamber: ſhe lookt out,
And all the ayre ſhe purpled round about,
And after it a foule black day befell,
Which euer ſince a red morne doth foretell:
And ſtill renewes our woes for *Heros* wo,
And foule it prou'd, becauſe it figur'd ſo
The next nights horror, which prepare to heare;
I faile if it prophane your daintieſt eare.
Then how moſt ſtrangely-intellectuall fire,
That proper to my ſoule haſt power t'inſpire
Her burning faculties, and with the wings
Of thy vnſpheared flame viſitſt the ſprings
Of ſpirits immortall; Now (as ſwift as Time
Doth follow Motion) finde th'eternall Clime
Of his free ſoule, whoſe liuing ſubiect ſtood

Vp to the chin in the Pyrean flood,
And drunke to me halfe this Muſean ſtorie,
Inſcribing it to deathles Memorie:
Confer with it, and make my pledge as deepe,
That neithers draught be conſecrate to ſleepe.
Tell it how much his late deſires I tender,
(If yet it know not) and to light ſurrender
My ſoules darke offſpring, willing it ſhould die
To loues, to paſſions, and ſocietie.
Sweet *Hero* left vpon her bed alone,
Her maidenhead, her vowes, *Leander* gone,
And nothing with her but a violent crew
Of new come thoughts that yet ſhe neuer knew,
Euen to her ſelfe a ſtranger; was much like
Th'*Iberian* citie that wars hand did ſtrike
By Engliſh force in princely *Eſſex* guide,
VVhen peace aſſur'd her towres had fortifide;
And golden-fingred *India* had beſtowd
Such wealth on her, that ſtrength and Empire flowd
Into her Turrets; and her virgin waſte
The wealthie girdle of the Sea embraſte:
Till our *Leander* that made *Mars* his *Cupid*,
For ſoft loue-ſutes, with iron thunders chid:
Swum to her Towers, diſſolu'd her virgin zone;
Lead in his power, and made Confuſion
Run through her ſtreets amazd, that ſhe ſuppoſde

She had not been in her owne walls incloſde:
But rapt by wonder to ſome forraine ſtate,
Seeing all her iſſue ſo diſconſolate:
And all her peacefull manſions poſſeſt
With wars iuſt ſpoyle, and many a forraine gueſt
From euery corner driuing an enioyer,
Supplying it with power of a deſtroyer.
So far'd fayre *Hero* in th'expugned fort
Of her chaſt boſome, and of euery ſort
Strange thoughts poſſeſt her, ranſacking her breſt
For that that was not there, her wonted reſt.
She was a mother ſtraight and bore with paine,
Thoughts that ſpake ſtraight and wiſht their mother (ſlaine;
She hates their liues, & they their own & hers:
Such ſtrife ſtill growes where ſin the race prefers.
Loue is a golden bubble full of dreames,
That waking breakes, and fils vs with extreames.
She mus'd how ſhe could looke vpon her Sire,
And not ſhew that without, that was intire.
For as a glaſſe is an inanimate eie,
And outward formes imbraceth inwardlie:
So is the eye an animate glaſſe that ſhowes
In-formes without vs. And as *Phœbus* throwes
His beames abroad, though he in clowdes be cloſde,
Still glancing by them till he finde oppoſde,
A looſe and rorid vapour that is fit

T'euent his ſearching beames, and vſeth it
To forme a tender twentie-coloured eie,
Caſt in a circle round about the skie.
So when our firie ſoule, our bodies ſtarre,
(That euer is in motion circulare)
Conceiues a forme; in ſeeking to diſplay it
Through all our clowdie parts, it doth conuey it
Forth at the eye, as the moſt pregnant place,
And that reflects it round about the face.
And this euent vncourtly *Hero* thought,
Her inward guilt would in her lookes haue wrought:
For yet the worlds ſtale cunning ſhe reſiſted
To beare foule thoughts, yet forge what lookes ſhe liſted,
And held it for a very ſillie ſleight,
To make a perfect mettall counterfeit:
Glad to diſclaime her ſelfe; proud of an Art,
That makes the face a Pandar to the hart.
Thoſe be the painted Moones, whoſe lights prophane
Beauties true Heauen, at full ſtill in their wane.
Thoſe be the Lapwing faces that ſtill crie,
Here tis, when that they vow is nothing nie.
Baſe fooles, when euery mooriſh fowle can teach
That which men thinke the height of humane reach.
But cuſtome that the Apoplexie is
Of beddred nature, and liues led amis,
And takes away all feeling of offence:

Yet brazde not *Heros* brow with impudence;
And this ſhe thought moſt hard to bring to pas,
To ſeeme in countnance other then ſhe was.
As if ſhe had two ſoules; one for the face,
One for the hart; and that they ſhifted place
As either liſt to vtter, or conceale
What they conceiu'd: or as one ſoule did deale
With both affayres at once, keeps and eiects
Both at an inſtant contrarie effects:
Retention and eiection in her powrs
Being acts alike: for this one vice of ours,
That forms the thought, and ſwaies the countenance,
Rules both our motion and our vtterance.

Theſe and more graue conceits toyld *Heros* ſpirits:
For though the light of her diſcourſiue wits,
Perhaps might finde ſome little hole to pas
Through all theſe worldly cinctures; yet (alas)
There was a heauenly flame incompaſt her;
Her Goddeſſe, in whoſe Phane ſhe did prefer
Her virgin vowes; from whoſe impulſiue ſight
She knew the black ſhield of the darkeſt night
Could not defend her, nor wits ſubtilſt art:
This was the point pierſt *Hero* to the hart.
Who heauie to the death, with a deep ſigh
And hand that languiſht, tooke a robe was nigh,
Exceeding large, and of black Cyprés made,

In which ſhe ſate, hid from the day in ſhade,
Euen ouer head and face downe to her feete;
Her left hand made it at her boſome meete;
Her right hand leand on her hart-bowing knee,
Wrapt in vnſhapefull foulds: twas death to ſee
Her knee ſtayd that, and that her falling face
Each limme helpt other to put on diſgrace.
No forme was ſeene, where forme held all her ſight:
But like an Embrion that ſaw neuer light:
Or like a ſcorched ſtatue made a cole
With three-wingd lightning: or a wretched ſoule
Muffled with endles darknes, ſhe did ſit:
The night had neuer ſuch a heauie ſpirit.
Yet might an imitating eye well ſee,
How faſt her cleere teares melted on her knee
Through her black vaile, and turnd as black as it,
Mourning to be her teares: then wrought her wit
With her broke vow, her Goddeſſe wrath, her fame,
All tooles that enginous deſpayre could frame:
Which made her ſtrow the floore with her torne haire,
And ſpread her mantle peece-meale in the aire.
Like *Joues* ſons club, ſtrong paſſion ſtrook her downe,
And with a piteous ſhrieke inforſt her ſwoune:
Her ſhrieke, made with another ſhrieke aſcend
The frighted Matron that on her did tend:
And as with her owne crie her ſence was ſlaine,

So with the other it was calde againe.
She roſe and to her bed made forced way,
And layd her downe euen where *Leander* lay:
And all this while the red ſea of her blood
Ebd with *Leander*: but now turnd the flood,
And all her fleete of ſprites came ſwelling in
With childe of ſaile, and did hot fight begin
With thoſe ſeuere conceits, ſhe too much markt,
And here *Leanders* beauties were imbarkt.
He came in ſwimming painted all with ioyes,
Such as might ſweeten hell: his thought deſtroyes
All her deſtroying thoughts: ſhe thought ſhe felt
His heart in hers: with her contentions melt,
And chid her ſoule that it could ſo much erre,
To check the true ioyes he deſeru'd in her.
Her freſh heat blood caſt figures in her eyes,
And ſhe ſuppoſde ſhe ſaw in *Neptunes* skyes
How her ſtar wandred, waſht in ſmarting brine
For her loues ſake, that with immortall wine
Should be embath'd, and ſwim in more hearts eaſe,
Than there was water in the Seſtian ſeas.
Then ſaid her *Cupid* prompted ſpirit; ſhall I
Sing mones to ſuch delightſome harmony?
Shall ſlick-tongde fame patcht vp with voyces rude,
The drunken baſtard of the multitude,
(Begot when father Iudgement is away,

And goſsip-like, ſayes becauſe others ſay,
Takes newes as if it were too hot to eate,
And ſpits it ſlauering forth for dog-fees meate)
Make me for forging a phantaſtique vow,
Preſume to beare what makes graue matrons bow?
Good vowes are neuer broken with good deedes,
For then good deedes were bad: vowes are but ſeedes,
And good deeds fruits; euen thoſe good deedes that
From other ſtocks, than from th'obſerued vow. (grow
That is a good deede that preuents a bad:
Had I not yeelded, ſlaine my ſelfe I had.
Hero Leander is, Leander Hero:
Such vertue loue hath to make one of two.
If then *Leander* did my maydenhead git,
Leander being my ſelfe I ſtill retaine it.
We breake chaſt vowes when we liue looſely euer:
But bound as we are, we liue looſely neuer.
Two conſtant louers being ioynd in one,
Yeelding to one another, yeeld to none.
We know not how to vow, till loue vnblinde vs,
And vowes made ignorantly neuer binde vs.
Too true it is that when t'is gone men hate
The ioyes as vaine they tooke in loues eſtate:
But that's, ſince they haue loſt, the heauenly light
Should ſhew them way to iudge of all things right.
When life is gone death muſt implant his terror,

As death is foe to life, ſo loue to error.
Before we loue how range we through this ſphere,
Searching the ſundrie fancies hunted here:
Now with deſire of wealth tranſported quite
Beyond our free humanities delight:
Now with ambition climing falling towrs,
Whoſe hope to ſcale, our feare to fall deuours:
Now rapt with paſtimes, pomp, all ioyes impure;
In things without vs no delight is ſure.
But loue with all ioyes crownd, within doth ſit;
O Goddeſſe pitie loue and pardon it.
This ſpake he weeping: but her Goddeſſe eare
Burnd with too ſterne a heat, and would not heare.
Aie me, hath heauens ſtraight fingers no more graces,
For ſuch as *Hero*, then for homelieſt faces?
Yet ſhe hopte well, and in her ſweet conceit
Waying her arguments, ſhe thought them weight:
And that the logick of *Leanders* beautie,
And them together would bring proofes of dutie.
And if her ſoule, that was a skilfull glance
Of Heauens great eſſence, found ſuch imperance
In her loues beauties; ſhe had confidence
Ioue lou'd him too, and pardond her offence.
Beautie in heauen and earth this grace doth win,
It ſupples rigor, and it leſſens ſin.
Thus, her ſharpe wit, her loue, her ſecrecie,

And make the rankeſt miſer bountifull.
It kild the feare of thunder and of death;
The diſcords that conceits ingendereth
Twixt man and wife, it for the time would ceaſe:
The flames of loue it quencht, and would increaſe:
Held in a princes hand it would put out
The dreadfulſt Comet: it would eaſe all doubt
Of threatned miſchiefes: it would bring aſleepe
Such as were mad: it would enforce to weepe
Moſt barbarous eyes: and many more effects
This picture wrought, and ſprung *Leandrian* ſects,
Of which was *Hero* firſt: For he whoſe forme
(Held in her hand) cleerd ſuch a fatall ſtorme,
From hell ſhe thought his perſon would defend her,
Which night and *Helleſpont* would quickly ſend her.
With this confirmd, ſhe vowd to baniſh quite
All thought of any check to her delite:
And in contempt of filllie baſhfulnes,
She would the faith of her deſires profeſſe:
Where her Religion ſhould be Policie,
To follow loue with zeale her pietie:
Her chamber her Cathedrall Church ſhould be,
And her *Leander* her chiefe Deitie.
For in her loue theſe did the gods forego;
And though her knowledge did not teach her ſo,
Yet did it teach her this, that what her hart

Did greateſt hold in her ſelfe greateſt part,
That ſhe did make her god; and t'was leſſe nought
To leaue gods in profeſsion and in thought,
Than in her loue and life: for therein lies
Moſt of her duties, and their dignities,
And raile the brain-bald world at what it will;
Thats the grand Atheiſme that raignes in it ſtill.
Yet ſingularitie ſhe would vſe no more,
For ſhe was ſingular too much before:
But ſhe would pleaſe the world with fayre pretext;
Loue would not leaue her conſcience perplext.
Great men that will haue leſſe doe for them ſtill,
Muſt beare them out though th'acts be nere ſo ill.
Meannes muſt Pandar be to Excellencie,
Pleaſure attones Falſhood and Conſcience:
Diſſembling was the worſt (thought *Hero* then)
And that was beſt how ſhe muſt liue with men.
O vertuous loue that taught her to doe beſt,
When ſhe did worſt, and when ſhe thought it leſt.
Thus would ſhe ſtill proceed in works diuine,
And in her ſacred ſtate of prieſthood ſhine,
Handling the holy rites with hands as bold,
As if therein ſhe did *Ioues* thunder hold;
And need not feare thoſe menaces of error,
Which ſhe at others threw with greateſt terror.
O louely *Hero*, nothing is thy ſin,

Wayd with thoſe foule faults other Prieſts are in;
That hauing neither faiths, nor works, nor bewties,
T'engender any ſcuſe for ſlubberd duties;
With as much countnance fill their holie chayres,
And ſweat denouncements gainſt prophane affayres,
As if their liues were cut out by their places,
And they the only fathers of the Graces.
Now as with ſetled minde ſhe did repaire,
Her thoughts to ſacrifice, her rauiſht haire
And her torne robe which on the altar lay,
And only for Religions fire did ſtay;
She heard a thunder by the Cyclops beaten,
In ſuch a volley as the world did threaten,
Giuen *Venus* as ſhe parted th'ayrie Sphere,
Diſcending now to chide with *Hero* here:
When ſuddenly the Goddeſſe waggoners,
The Swans and Turtles that in coupled pheres,
Through all worlds boſoms draw her influence,
Lighted in *Heros* window, and from thence
To her fayre ſhoulders flew the gentle Doués.
Gracefull *Ædone* that ſweet pleaſure loues,
And ruffoot *Chreſte* with the tufted crowne,
Both which did kiſſe her, though their Goddes frownd.
The Swans did in the ſolid flood her glaſſe,
Proyne their fayre plumes; of which the faireſt was,
Ioue-lou'd *Leucote*, that pure brightnes is;

The other bountie-louing *Dapſilis.*
All were in heauen, now they with *Hero* were:
But *Venus* lookes brought wrath, and vrged feare.
Her robe was skarlet, black her heads attire,
And through her naked breaſt ſhinde ſtreames of fire,
As when the rarefied ayre is driuen
In flaſhing ſtreames, and opes the darkned heauen.
In her white hand a wreath of yew ſhe bore,
And breaking th'icie wreath ſweet *Hero* wore,
She forſt about her browes her wreath of yew,
And ſayd, now minion to thy fate be trew,
Though not to me, indure what this portends;
Begin where lightnes will, in ſhame it ends.
Loue makes thee cunning; thou art currant now,
By being counterfeit: thy broken vow,
Deceit with her pide garters muſt reioyne,
And with her ſtampe thou countnances muſt coyne:
Coynes, and pure deceits for purities,
And ſtill a mayd wilt ſeeme in coſoned eies,
And haue an antike face to laugh within,
While thy ſmooth lookes make men digeſt thy ſin.
But ſince thy lips (leſt thought forſworne) forſwore,
Be neuer virgins vow worth truſting more.
When Beauties deareſt did her Goddeſſe heare,
Breathe ſuch rebukes gainſt that ſhe could not cleare;
Dumbe ſorrow ſpake alowd in teares, and blood

That from her griefe-burſt vaines in piteous flood,
From the ſweet conduits of her ſauor fell:
The gentle Turtles did with moanes make ſwell
Their ſhining gorges: the white black-eyde Swans
Did ſing as wofull Epicedians,
As they would ſtraightwaies dye: when pities Queene
The Goddeſſe *Ecte*, that had euer beene
Hid in a watrie clowde neere *Heros* cries,
Since the firſt inſtant of her broken eies,
Gaue bright *Leucote* voyce, and made her ſpeake,
To eaſe her anguiſh, whoſe ſwolne breaſt did breake
With anger at her Goddeſſe, that did touch
Hero ſo neere for that ſhe vſde ſo much.
And thruſting her white neck at *Venus*, ſayd;
Why may not amorous *Hero* ſeeme a mayd,
Though ſhe be none, as well as you ſuppreſſe
In modeſt cheekes your inward wantonneſſe?
How often haue wee drawne you from aboue,
T'exchange with mortals, rites for rites in loue?
Why in your preiſt then call you that offence
That ſhines in you, and is your influence?
With this the furies ſtopt *Leucotes* lips,
Enioynd by *Venus*; who with Roſie whips
Beate the kind Bird. Fierce lightning from her eyes
Did ſet on fire faire *Heros* ſacrifice,
Which was her torne robe, and inforced hayre;

Description and creation of Dissimulation.

And the bright flame became a mayd most faire
For her aspect; her tresses were of wire,
Knit like a net, where harts all set on fire,
Strugled in pants and could not get releast:
Her armes were all with golden pincers drest,
And twentie fashiond knots, pullies, and brakes,
And all her bodie girdled with painted Snakes.
Her doune parts in a Scorpions taile combinde,
Freckled with twentie colours; pyed wings shinde
Out of her shoulders; Cloth had neuer die,
Nor sweeter colours neuer viewed eie,
In scorching *Turkie*, *Cares Tartarie*,
Than shinde about this spirit notorious;
Nor was *Arachnes* web so glorious.
Of lightning and of shreds she was begot;
More hold in base dissemblers is there not.
Her name was *Eronusis*. *Venus* flew
From *Heros* sight, and at her Chariot drew
This wondrous creature to so steepe a height,
That all the world she might command with sleight
Of her gay wings: and then she bad her hast,
Since *Hero* had dissembled, and disgrast
Her rites so much, and euery breast infect
With her deceits, she made her Architect
Of all dissimulation, and since then
Neuer was any trust in maides nor men.

O it ſpighted,
Fayre *Venus* hart to ſee her moſt delighted.
And one ſhe chuſde for temper of her minde,
To be the only ruler of her kinde,
So ſoone to let her virgin race be ended;
Not ſimply for the fault a whit offended:
But that in ſtrife for chaſtnes with the Moone,
Spitefull *Diana* bad her ſhew but one,
That was her ſeruant vowd, and liu'd a mayd,
And now ſhe thought to anſwer that vpbrayd,
Hero had loſt her anſwer; who knowes not
Venus would ſeeme as farre from any ſpot
Of light demeanour, as the very skin
Twixt *Cynthias* browes; Sin is aſham'd of Sin.
Vp *Venus* flew, and ſcarce durſt vp for feare
Of *Phœbes* laughter, when ſhe paſt her Sphere:
And ſo moſt vgly clowded was the light,
That day was hid in day; night came ere night,
And *Venus* could not through the thick ayre pierce,
Till the daies king, god of vndanted verſe,
Becauſe ſhe was ſo plentifull a theame,
To ſuch as wore his Lawrell *Anademe*:
Like to a firie bullet made deſcent,
And from her paſſage thoſe fat vapours rent,
That being not throughly rarefide to raine,
Melted like pitch as blew as any vaine,

And ſcalding tempeſts made the earth to ſhrinke
Vnder their feruor, and the world did thinke
In euery drop a torturing Spirit flew,
It pierſt ſo deeply, and it burnd ſo blew.
Betwixt all this and *Hero*, *Hero* held
Leanders picture as a Perſian ſhield:
And ſhe was free from feare of worſt ſucceſſe;
The more ill threats vs, we ſuſpect the leſſe:
As we grow haples, violence ſubtle growes,
Dumb, deafe, & blind, & comes when no man knowes.

The end of the fourth Seſtyad.

THE

THE ARGVMENT OF THE FIFT SESTYAD.

Day doubles her accustomd date,
As loth the night, incenst by fate,
Should wrack our louers; Heros *plight,*
Longs for Leander, *and the night:*
VVhich, ere her thirstie wish recouers,
She sends for two betrothed louers,
And marries them, that (with their crew
Their sports and ceremonies due)
She couertly might celebrate,
VVith secret ioy her owne estate.
She makes a feast, at which appeares
The wilde Nymph Teras, *that still beares*
An Iuory Lute, tels Omenous tales,
And sings at solemne festiuales.

NOw was bright *Hero* weary of the day,
Thought an Olympiad in *Leanders* stay.
Sol, and the soft-foote *Howrs* hung on his armes,
And would not let him swim, forseeing his harmes:
That day *Aurora* double grace obtainde
Of her loue *Phœbus*; she his Horses rainde,

Set on his golden knee, and as ſhe liſt
She puld him back; and as ſhe puld, ſhe kiſt
To haue him turne to bed; he lou'd her more,
To ſee the loue *Leander Hero* bore.
Examples profit much ten times in one,
In perſons full of note, good deedes are done.
Day was ſo long, men walking fell aſleepe,
The heauie humors that their eyes did ſteepe,
Made them feare miſchiefs. The hard ſtreets were beds
For couetous churles, and for ambitious heads,
That ſpight of Nature would their buſines plie.
All thought they had the falling *Epilepſie*,
Men groueld ſo vpon the ſmotherd ground,
And pittie did the hart of heauen confound.
The Gods, the Graces, and the Muſes came
Downe to the Deſtinies, to ſtay the frame
Of the true louers deaths, and all worlds teares:
But death before had ſtopt their cruell eares.
All the Celeſtials parted mourning then,
Pierſt with our humane miſeries more then men.
Ah, nothing doth the world with miſchiefe fill,
But want of feeling one anothers ill.
With their deſcent the day grew ſomething fayre,
And caſt a brighter robe vpon the ayre.
Hero to ſhorten time with merriment,
For yong *Alcmane*, and bright *Mya* ſent.

Two louers that had long crau'd mariage dues
At *Heros* hands: but ſhe did ſtill refuſe,
For louely *Mya* was her conſort vowd
In her maids ſtate, and therefore not allowd
To amorous Nuptials: yet faire *Hero* now
Intended to diſpence with her cold vow,
Since hers was broken, and to marrie her:
The rites would pleaſing matter miniſter
To her conceits, and ſhorten tedious day.
They came; ſweet Muſick vſherd th'odorous way,
And wanton Ayre in twentie ſweet forms danſt
After her fingers; Beautie and Loue aduanſt
Their enſignes in the downles roſie faces
Of youths and maids, led after by the Graces.
For all theſe, *Hero* made a friendly feaſt,
Welcomd them kindly, did much loue proteſt,
Winning their harts with all the meanes ſhe might,
That when her fault ſhould chance t'abide the light,
Their loues might couer or extenuate it,
And high in her worſt fate make pittie ſit.
She married them, and in the banquet came
Borne by the virgins: *Hero* ſtriu'd to frame
Her thoughts to mirth. Aye me, but hard it is
To imitate a falſe and forced blis.
Ill may a ſad minde forge a merrie face,
Nor hath conſtrained laughter any grace.

Then layd she wine on cares to make them sinke;
VVho feares the threats of fortune, let him drinke.
To these quick Nuptials entred suddenly,
Admired *Teras* with the Ebon Thye,
A Nymph that haunted the greene *Sestyan* groues,
And would consort soft virgins in their loues,
At gay some Triumphs, and on solemne dayes,
Singing prophetike Elegies and Layes:
And fingring of a siluer Lute she tide,
With black and purple skarfs by her left side.
Apollo gaue it, and her skill withall,
And she was term'd his Dwarfe she was so small.
Yet great in vertue, for his beames encloside
His vertues in her: neuer was proposide
Riddle to her, or Augurie, strange or new,
But she resolu'd it: neuer sleight tale flew
From her charmd lips, without important sence,
Shewne in some graue succeeding consequence.
This little Siluane with her songs and tales,
Gaue such estate to feasts and Nuptiales,
That though oft times she forewent Tragedies,
Yet for her strangenes still she pleasde their eyes,
And for her smalnes they admir'd her so,
They thought her perfect borne and could not grow.
All eyes were on her: *Hero* did command
An Altar deckt with sacred state should stand,

At the Feasts vpper end close by the Bride,
On which the pretie Nymph might sit espide.
Then all were silent; euery one so heares,
As all their sences climbd into their eares:
And first this amorous tale that fitted well,
Fayre *Hero* and the Nuptials she did tell.

The tale of Teras.

Hymen that now is god of Nuptiall rites,
And crownes with honor loue and his delights,
Of *Athens* was a youth so sweet of face,
That many thought him of the semall race:
Such quickning brightnes did his cleere eyes dart,
Warme went their beames to his beholders hart:
In such pure leagues his beauties were combinde,
That there your Nuptiall contracts first were signde.
For as proportion, white, and crimsine, meet
In Beauties mixture, all right cleere, and sweet;
The eye responsible, the golden haire,
And none is held without the other, faire:
All spring together, all together fade;
Such intermixt affections should inuade
Two perfect louers: which being yet vnseene,
Their vertues and their comforts copied beene,
In Beauties concord, subiect to the eie;
And that, in *Hymen*, pleasde so matchlesslie,

That louers were esteemde in their full grace,
Like forme and colour mixt in *Hymens* face;
And such sweete concord was thought worthie then
Of torches, musick, feasts, and greateſt men:
So *Hymen* lookt, that euen the chasteſt minde
He mou'd to ioyne in ioyes of sacred kinde:
For onely now his chins first doune consorted
His heads rich fleece, in golden curles contorted;
And as he was so loud, he sould so too,
So should best bewties, bound by Nuptialls doo.
Bright *Eucharis*, who was by all men saide
The noblest, fayrest, and the richest maide,
Of all th' *Athenian* damzels, *Hymen* lou'd;
With such transmission, that his heart remou'd
From his white breſt to hers, but her estate
In passing his, was so interminate
For wealth and honor, that his loue durſt feede
On nought but sight and hearing, nor could breede
Hope of requitall, the grand prise of loue;
Nor could he heare or see but he must proue
How his rare bewties musick would agree
With maids in consort: therefore robbed he
His chin of those same few first fruits it bore,
And clad in such attire, as Virgins wore,
He kept them companie, and might right well,
For he did all but *Eucharis* excell

In all the fayre of Beautie: yet he wanted
Vertue to make his owne desires implanted
In his deare *Eucharis*; for women neuer
Loue beautie in their sex, but enuie euer.
His iudgement yet (that durst not suite addresse,
Nor past due meanes, presume of due successe)
Reason gat fortune in the end to speede
To his best prayes: but strange it seemd indeede,
That fortune should a chast affection blesse;
Preferment seldome graceth bashfulnesse.
Nor grast it *Hymen* yet; but many a dart
And many an amorous thought enthrald his hart,
Ere he obtaind her, and he sick became,
Forst to abstaine her sight, and then the flame
Rag'd in his bosome. O what griefe did fill him:
Sight made him sick, and want of sight did kill him.
The virgins wondred where *Dieria* stayd,
For so did *Hymen* terme himselfe a mayd.
At length with sickly lookes he greeted them:
Tis strange to see gainst what an extreame streame
A louer striues; poore *Hymen* look't so ill,
That as in merit he increased still,
By suffring much, so he in grace decreast.
Women are most wonne when men merit least:
If merit looke not well, loue bids stand by,
Loues speciall lesson is to please the eye.

And *Hymen* ſoone recouering all he loſt,
Deceiuing ſtill theſe maids, but himſelfe moſt.
His loue and he with many virgin dames,
Noble by birth, noble by beauties flames,
Leauing the towne with ſongs and hallowed lights,
To doe great *Ceres Eleuſina* rites
Of zealous Sacrifice; were made a pray
To barbarous Rouers that in ambuſh lay,
And with rude hands enforſt their ſhining ſpoyle,
Farre from the darkned Citie, tir'd with toyle.
And when the yellow iſſue of the skie
Came trouping forth, ielous of crueltie,
To their bright fellowes of this vnder heauen,
Into a double night they ſaw them driuen,
A horride Caue, the theeues black manſion,
Where wearie of the iourney they had gon,
Their laſt nights watch, and drunke with their ſweete
Dull *Morpheus* entred, laden with ſilken chains, (gains,
Stronger then iron, and bound the ſwelling vaines
And tyred ſences of theſe lawles Swaines.
But when the virgin lights thus dimly burnd,
O what a hell was heauen in! how they mournd
And wrung their hands, and wound their gentle forms
Into the ſhapes of ſorrow! Golden ſtorms
Fell from their eyes: As when the Sunne appeares,
And yet it raines, ſo ſhewd their eyes their teares.

And as when funerall dames watch a dead corſe,
Weeping about it, telling with remorſe
What paines he felt, how long in paine he lay,
How little food he eate, what he would ſay;
And then mixe mournfull tales of others deaths,
Smothering thẽſelues in clowds of their owne breaths.
At length, one cheering other, call for wine,
The golden boale drinks teares out of their eine,
As they drinke wine from it; and round it goes,
Each helping other to relieue their woes:
So caſt theſe virgins beauties mutuall raies,
One lights another, face the face diſplaies;
Lips by reflexion kiſt, and hands hands ſhooke,
Euen by the whitenes each of other tooke.

But *Hymen* now vſde friendly *Morpheus* aide,
Slew euery theefe, and reſcude euery maide.
And now did his enamourd paſsion take
Hart from his hartie deede, whoſe worth did make
His hope of bounteous *Eucharis* more ſtrong;
And now came *Loue* with *Proteus*, who had long
Inggl'd the little god with prayers and gifts,
Ran through all ſhapes, and varied all his ſhifts,
To win *Loues* ſtay with him, and make him loue him:
And when he ſaw no ſtrength of ſleight could moue him
To make him loue, or ſtay, he nimbly turnd
Into *Loues* ſelfe, he ſo extreamely burnd.

And thus came *Loue* with *Proteus* and his powre,
T'encounter *Eucharis*: first like the flowre
That *Junos* milke did spring the siluer Lillie,
He fell on *Hymens* hand, who straight did spie
The bounteous Godhead, and with wondrous ioy
Offred it *Eucharis*. She wondrous coy
Drew back her hand: the subtle flowre did woo it,
And drawing it neere, mixt so you could not know it.
As two cleere Tapers mixe in one their light,
So did the Lillie and the hand their white:
She viewd it, and her view the forme bestowes
Amongst her spirits: for as colour flowes
From superficies of each thing we see,
Euen so with colours formes emitted bee:
And where Loues forme is, loue is, loue is forme;
He entred at the eye, his sacred storme
Rose from the hand, loues sweetest instrument:
It stird her bloods sea so, that high it went,
And beate in bashfull waues gainst the white shore
Of her diuided cheekes; it rag'd the more,
Because the tide went gainst the haughtie winde
Of her estate and birth: And as we finde
In fainting ebs, the flowrie Zephire hurles
The greene-hayrd *Hellespont*, broke in siluer curles
Gainst *Heros* towre: but in his blasts retreate,
The waues obeying him, they after beate,

Leauing the chalkie ſhore a great way pale,
Then moyſt it freſhly with another gale:
So ebd and flowde the blood in *Eucharis* face,
Coyneſſe and Loue ſtriu'd which had greateſt grace,
Virginitie did fight on Coyneſſe ſide;
Feare of her parents frownes, and femall pride,
Lothing the lower place, more then it loues
The high contents, deſert and vertue moues.
With loue fought *Hymens* beautie and his valure,
Which ſcarce could ſo much fauour yet allure
To come to ſtrike, but fameles idle ſtood,
Action is firie valours ſouereigne good.
But Loue once entred, wiſht no greater ayde
Then he could find within; thought, thought betrayd,
The bribde, but incorrupted Garriſon,
Sung *Io Hymen*; there thoſe ſongs begun,
And Loue was growne ſo rich with ſuch a gaine,
And wanton with the eaſe of his free raigne,
That he would turne into her rougheſt frownes
To turne them out; and thus he *Hymen* crownes
King of his thoughts, mans greateſt Emperic:
This was his firſt braue ſtep to deitie.

Home to the mourning cittie they repayre,
With newes as holeſome as the morning ayre,
To the ſad parents of each ſaued maid:
But *Hymen* and his *Eucharis* had laid

This plat, to make the flame of their delight
Round as the Moone at full, and full as bright.
Becauſe the parents of chaſt *Eucharis*
Exceeding *Hymens* ſo, might croſſe their blis;
And as the world rewards deſerts, that law
Cannot aſsiſt with force: ſo when they ſaw
Their daughter ſafe, take vantage of their owne,
Praiſe *Hymens* valour much, nothing beſtowne.
Hymen muſt leaue the virgins in a Groue
Farre off from *Athens*, and go firſt to proue
If to reſtore them all with fame and life,
He ſhould enioy his deareſt as his wife.
This told to all the maids; the moſt agree:
The riper ſort knowing what t'is to bee
The firſt mouth of a newes ſo farre deriu'd,
And that to heare and beare newes braue folks liu'd,
As being a carriage ſpeciall hard to beare,
Occurrents, theſe occurrents being ſo deare,
They did with grace proteſt, they were content
T'accoſt their friends with all their complement,
For *Hymens* good: but to incurre their harme,
There he muſt pardon them. This wit went warme
To *Adoleſhes* braine, a Nymph borne hie,
Made all of voyce and fire, that vpwards flie:
Her hart and all her forces neither traine,
Climbd to her tongue, and thither fell her braine,

Since it could goe no higher: and it muſt go,
All powers ſhe had, euen her tongue did ſo.
In ſpirit and quicknes ſhe much ioy did take,
And lou'd her tongue, only for quicknes ſake,
And ſhe would haſt and tell. The reſt all ſtay,
Hymen goes on; the Nymph another way:
And what became of her Ile tell at laſt:
Yet take her viſage now: moyſt lipt, long fa'ſt,
Thin like an iron wedge, ſo ſharpe and tart,
As twere of purpoſe made to cleaue *Loues* hart.
Well were this louely Beautie rid of her,
And *Hymen* did at *Athens* now prefer
His welcome ſuite, which he with ioy aſpirde:
A hundred princely youths with him retirde
To feteh the Nymphs: Chariots and Muſick went,
And home they came: heauen with applauſes rent.
The Nuptials ſtraight proceed, whiles all the towne,
Freſh in their ioyes might doe them moſt renowne.
Firſt gold-lockt *Hymen* did to Church repaire,
Like a quick offring burnd in flames of haire.
And after, with a virgin firmament,
The Godhead-prouing Bride, attended went
Before them all, ſhe lookt in her command,
As if forme-giuing *Cyprias* ſiluer hand
Gripte all their beauties, and cruſht out one flame,
She bluſht to ſee how beautie ouercame

The thoughts of all men. Next before her went
Fiue louely children deckt with ornament
Of her ſweet colours, bearing Torches by,
For light was held a happie Augurie
Of generation, whoſe efficient right
Is nothing elſe but to produce to light.
The od diſparent number they did chuſe,
To ſhew the vnion married loues ſhould vſe,
Since in two equall parts it will not ſeuer,
But the midſt holds one to reioyne it euer,
As common to both parts: men therfore deeme,
That equall number Gods doe not eſteeme,
Being authors of ſweet peace and vnitie,
But pleaſing to th'infernall Emperie,
Vnder whoſe enſignes Wars and Diſcords fight,
Since an euen number you may diſunite
In two parts equall, nought in middle left,
To reunite each part from other reft:
And fiue they hold in moſt eſpeciall priſe,
Since t'is the firſt od number that doth riſe
From the two formoſt numbers vnitie
That od and euen are; which are two, and three,
For one no number is: but thence doth flow
The powerfull race of number. Next did go
A noble Matron that did ſpinning beare
A huſwifes rock and ſpindle, and did weare

A Weathers skin, with all the ſnowy fleece,
To intimate that euen the daintieſt peece,
And nobleſt borne dame ſhould induſtrious bee,
That which does good, diſgraceth no degree.
And now to *Junos* Temple they are come,
Where her graue Prieſt ſtood in the mariage rome.
On his right arme did hang a skarlet vaile,
And from his ſhoulders to the ground did traile,
On either ſide, Ribands of white and blew;
With the red vaile he hid the baſhfull hew
Of the chaſt Bride, to ſhew the modeſt ſhame,
In coupling with a man ſhould grace a dame.
Then tooke he the diſparent Silks, and tide
The Louers by the waſts, and ſide to ſide,
In token that thereafter they muſt binde
In one ſelfe ſacred knot each others minde.
Before them on an Altar he preſented
Both fire and water: which was firſt inuented,
Since to ingenerate euery humane creature,
And euery other birth produ'ſt by Nature,
Moyſture and heate muſt mixe: ſo man and wife
For humane race muſt ioyne in Nuptiall life.
Then one of *Junos* Birds, the painted Iay,
He ſacrifiſde, and tooke the gall away.
All which he did behinde the Altar throw,
In ſigne no bitternes of hate ſhould grow

Twixt

Twixt maried loues, nor any leaſt diſdaine.
Nothing they ſpake, for twas eſteemd too plaine
For the moſt ſilken mildnes of a maid,
To let a publique audience heare it ſaid
She boldly tooke the man: and ſo reſpected
Was bathfulnes in *Athens*: it erected
To chaſt *Agneia*, which is Shamefaſtneſſe,
A ſacred Temple, holding her a Goddeſſe.
And now to Feaſts, Masks, and triumphant ſhowes,
The ſhining troupes returnd, euen till earths throwes
Brought forth with ioy the thickeſt part of night,
When the ſweet Nuptiall ſong that vſde to cite
All to their reſt, was by *Phemonor* ſung:
Firſt *Delphian* Propheteſſe, whoſe graces ſprung
Out of the *Muſes* well, ſhe ſung before
The Bride into her chamber: at which dore
A Matron and a Torch-bearer did ſtand;
A painted box of Confits in her hand
The Matron held, and ſo did other ſome
That compaſt round the honourd Nuptiall rome.
The cuſtome was that euery maid did weare,
During her maidenhead, a ſilken Sphere
About her waſte, aboue her inmoſt weede,
Knit with *Mineruas* knot, and that was freede
By the faire Bridegrome on the mariage night,
With many ceremonies of delight:

And yet eterniſde *Hymens* tender Bride,
To ſuffer it diſſolu'd ſo ſweetly cride.
The maids that heard, ſo lou'd, and did adore her,
They wiſht with all their hearts to ſuffer for her.
So had the Matrons, that with Confits ſtood
About the chamber, ſuch affectionate blood,
And ſo true feeling of her harmeles paines,
That euery one a ſhowre of Confits raines.
For which the Brideyouths ſcrambling on the ground,
In noyſe of that ſweet haile their cryes were drownd.
And thus bleſt *Hymen* ioyde his gracious Bride,
And for his ioy was after deifide.

The Saffron mirror by which *Phœbus* loue,
Greene *Tellus* decks her, now he held aboue
The clowdy mountaines: and the noble maide,
Sharp-viſag'd *Adoleſche*, that was ſtraide
Out of her way, in haſting with her newes,
Not till this houre th' *Athenian* turrets viewes,
And now brought home by guides: ſhe heard by all
That her long kept occurrents would be ſtale,
And how faire *Hymens* honors did excell
For thoſe rare newes, which ſhe came ſhort to tell.
To heare her deare tongue robd of ſuch a ioy,
Made the well-ſpoken Nymph take ſuch a toy,
That downe ſhe ſunke: when lightning from aboue,
Shrunk her leane body, and for meere free loue,

Turnd her into the pied-plum'd *Pſittacus*,
That now the Parrat is ſurnam'd by vs,
Who ſtill with counterfeit confuſion prates,
Nought but newes common to the commonſt mates.
This tolde, ſtrange *Teras* toucht her Lute and ſung
This dittie, that the Torchie euening ſprung.

Epithalamion Teratos.

COme come deare night, Loues Mart of kiſſes,
Sweet cloſe of his ambitious line,
The fruitfull ſummer of his bliſſes,
Loues glorie doth in darknes ſhine.
O come ſoft reſt of Cares, come night,
Come naked vertues only tire,
The reaped harueſt of the light,
Bound vp in ſheaues of ſacred fire.
Loue cals to warre,
Sighs his Alarmes,
Lips his ſwords are,
The field his Armes.
Come Night and lay thy veluet hand
On glorious Dayes outfacing face;
And all thy crouned flames command,
For Torches to our Nuptiall grace.
Loue cals to warre,
Sighs his Alarmes,

Lips his ſwords are,
The field his Armes.
No neede haue we of factious Day,
To caſt in enuie of thy peace,
Her bals of Diſcord in thy way:
Here beauties day doth neuer ceaſe,
Day is abſtracted here,
And varied in a triple ſphere.
Hero, Alcmane, Mya, ſo outſhine thee,
Ere thou come here let *Thetis* thrice refine thee.
Loue cals to warre,
Sighs his Alarmes,
Lips his ſwords are,
The field his Armes.
The Euening ſtarre I ſee,
Riſe youths the Euening ſtarre,
Helps Loue to ſummon warre,
Both now imbracing bee.
Riſe youths, loues right claims more thē banquets, riſe.
Now the bright Marygolds that deck the skies,
Phœbus celeſtiall flowrs, that (contrarie
To his flowers here) ope when he ſhuts his eie,
And ſhuts when he doth open, crowne your ſports:
Now loue in night, and night in loue exhorts
Courtſhip and Dances: All your parts employ,
And ſuite nights rich expanſure with your ioy,

Loue paints his longings in ſweet virgins eyes:
Riſe youths, loues right claims more thē banquets, riſe.
Riſe virgins, let fayre Nuptiall loues enfolde
Your fruitles breaſts: the maidenheads ye holde
Are not your owne alone, but parted are;
Part in diſpoſing them your Parents ſhare,
And that a third part is: ſo muſt ye ſaue
Your loues a third, and you your thirds muſt haue.
Loue paints his longings in ſweet virgins eyes:
Riſe youths, loues right claims more thē banquets, riſe.

Herewith the amorous ſpirit that was ſo kinde
To *Teras* haire, and combd it downe with winde,
Still as it Comet-like brake from her braine,
Would needes haue *Teras* gone, and did refraine
To blow it downe: which ſtaring vp, diſmaid
The timorous feaſt, and ſhe no longer ſtaid:
But bowing to the Bridegrome and the Bride,
Did like a ſhooting exhalation glide
Out of their ſights: the turning of her back
Made them all ſhrieke, it lookt ſo ghaſtly black.
O haples *Hero*, that moſt haples clowde,
Thy ſoone-ſucceeding Tragedie foreſhowde.
Thus all the Nuptiall crew to ioyes depart,
But much-wrongd *Hero*, ſtood Hels blackeſt dart:

Whoſe

Whose wound because I grieue so to display,
I vse digressions thus t'encrease the day.

The end of the fift Sestyad.

THE ARGVMENT OF THE SIXT SESTYAD.

Leucote *flyes to all the windes,*
And from the fates their outrage bindes,
That Hero *and her loue may meete.*
Leander *(with* Loues *compleate Fleete*
Mand in himselfe) puts forth to Seas,
VVhen straight the ruthles Destinies,
VVith Ate *stirre the windes to warre*
Vpon the Hellespont: *Their iarre*
Drownes poore Leander. Heros *eyes*
VVet witnesses of his surprise
Her Torch blowne out: Griefe casts her downe
Vpon her loue, and both doth drowne.
In whose iust ruth the God of Seas,
Transformes them to th' Acanthides.

NO longer could the day nor Destinies
Delay the night, who now did frowning rise

Into her Throne; and at her humorous breſts,
Viſions and Dreames lay ſucking: all mens reſts
Fell like the miſts of death vpon their eyes,
Dayes too long darts ſo kild their faculties.
The windes yet, like the flowrs to ceaſe began:
For bright *Leucote*, *Venus* whiteſt Swan,
That held ſweet *Hero* deare, ſpread her fayre wings,
Like to a field of ſnow, and meſſage brings
From *Venus* to the Fates, t'entreate them lay
Their charge vpon the windes their rage to ſtay,
That the ſterne battaile of the Seas might ceaſe,
And guard *Leander* to his loue in peace.
The Fates conſent, (aye me diſſembling Fates)
They ſhewd their fauours to conceale their hates,
And draw *Leander* on, leaſt Seas too hie
Should ſtay his too obſequious deſtinie:
Who like a fleering ſlauiſh Paraſite,
In warping profit or a traiterous ſleight,
Hoopes round his rotten bodie with deuotes,
And pricks his deſcant face full of falſe notes,
Prayſing with open throte (and othes as fowle
As his falſe heart) the beautie of an Owle,
Kiſsing his skipping hand with charmed skips,
That cannot leaue, but leapes vpon his lips
Like a cock-ſparrow, or a ſhameles queane
Sharpe at a red-lipt youth, and nought doth meane

Of all his antick ſhewes, but doth repayre
More tender fawnes, and takes a ſcattred hayre
From his tame ſubiects ſhoulder; whips, and cals
For euery thing he lacks; creepes gainſt the wals
With backward humbleſſe, to giue needles way:
Thus his falſe fate did with *Leander* play.

First to black *Eurus* flies the white *Leucote*,
Borne mongſt the *Negros* in the *Leuant* Sea,
On whoſe curld head the glowing Sun doth riſe,
And ſhewes the ſoueraigne will of Deſtinies,
To haue him ceaſe his blaſts, and downe he lies.
Next, to the fennie *Notus*, courſe ſhe holds,
And found him leaning with his armes in folds
Vpon a rock, his white hayre full of ſhowres,
And him ſhe chargeth by the fatall powres,
To hold in his wet cheekes his clowdie voyce,
To *Zephire* then that doth in flowres reioyce.
To ſnake-foote *Boreas* next ſhe did remoue,
And found him toſsing of his rauiſht loue,
To heate his froſtie boſome hid in ſnow,
Who with *Leucotes* ſight did ceaſe to blow.
Thus all were ſtill to *Heros* harts deſire,
Who with all ſpeede did conſecrate a fire
Of flaming Gummes, and comfortable Spice,
To light her Torch, which in ſuch curious price
She held, being obiect to *Leanders* ſight,

That nought but fires perfum'd muſt giue it light.
She lou'd it ſo, ſhe grieu'd to ſee it burne,
Since it would waſte and ſoone to aſhes turne:
Yet if it burnd not, twere not worth her eyes,
What made it nothing, gaue it all the prize.
Sweet Torch, true Glaſſe of our ſocietie;
What man does good, but he conſumes thereby?
But thou wert lou'd for good, held high, giuen ſhow:
Poore vertue loth'd for good, obſcur'd, held low.
Doe good be pinde, be deedles good, diſgraſt:
Vnles we feede on men, we let them faſt.
Yet *Hero* with theſe thoughts her Torch did ſpend.
When Bees makes waxe, Nature doth not intend
It ſhall be made a Torch: but we that know
The proper vertue of it make it ſo,
And when t'is made we light it: nor did Nature
Propoſe one life to maids, but each ſuch creature
Makes by her ſoule the beſt of her free ſtate,
Which without loue is rude, diſconſolate,
And wants louesfire to make it milde and bright,
Till when, maids are but Torches wanting light.
Thus gainſt our griefe, not cauſe of griefe we fight,
The right of nought is gleande, but the delight.
Vp went ſhe, but to tell how ſhe deſcended,
Would God ſhe were not dead, or my verſe ended.
She was the rule of wiſhes, ſumme and end

For all the parts that did on loue depend:
Yet caſt the Torch his brightnes further forth;
But what ſhines neereſt beſt, holds trueſt worth.
Leander did not through ſuch tempeſts ſwim
To kiſſe the Torch, although it lighted him:
But all his powres in her deſires awaked,
Her loue and vertues cloth'd him richly naked.
Men kiſſe but fire that only ſhewes purſue,
Her Torch and *Hero*, figure, ſhew, and vertue.
Now at oppoſde *Abydus* nought was heard,
But bleating flocks, and many a bellowing herd,
Slaine for the Nuptials, cracks of falling woods,
Blowes of broad axes, powrings out of floods.
The guiltie *Helleſpont* was mixt and ſtainde
With bloodie Torrents, that the ſhambles raind;
Not arguments of feaſt, but ſhewes that bled,
Foretelling that red night that followed.
More blood was ſpilt, more honors were addreſt,
Then could haue graced any happie feaſt.
Rich banquets, triumphs, euery pomp employes
His ſumptuous hand: no miſers nuptiall ioyes.
Ayre felt continuall thunder with the noyſe,
Made in the generall mariage violence:
And no man knew the cauſe of this expence,
But the two haples Lords, *Leanders* Sire,
And poore *Leander*, pooreſt where the fire
Of credulous loue made him moſt rich ſurmiſde,

As ſhort was he of that himſelfe he priſde,
As is an emptie Gallant full of forme,
That thinks each looke an act, each drop a ſtorme,
That fals from his braue breathings; moſt brought vp
In our *Metropolis*, and hath his cup
Brought after him to feaſts; and much Palme beares,
For his rare iudgement in th'attire he weares,
Hath ſeene the hot Low Countries, not their heat,
Obſerues their rampires and their buildings yet.
And for your ſweet diſcourſe with mouthes is heard,
Giuing inſtructions with his very beard.
Hath gone with an Ambaſſadour, and been
A great mans mate in trauailing, euen to *Rhene*,
And then puts all his worth in ſuch a face,
As he ſaw braue men make, and ſtriues for grace
To get his newes forth; as when you deſcrie
A ſhip with all her ſayle contends to flie
Out of the narrow Thames with windes vnapt,
Now croſſeth here, then there, then this way rapt,
And then hath one point reacht; then alters all,
And to another crooked reach doth fall
Of halfe a burdbolts ſhoote; keeping more coyle,
Then if ſhe danſt vpon the Oceans toyle:
So ſerious is his trifling companie,
In all his ſwelling ſhip of vacantrie.
And ſo ſhort of himſelfe in his high thought,
Was our *Leander* in his fortunes brought.

And in his fort of loue that he thought won,
But otherwiſe, he skornes compariſon.
O ſweet *Leander*, thy large worth I hide
In a ſhort graue; ill fauourd ſtormes muſt chide
Thy ſacred fauour; I, in floods of inck
Muſt drowne thy graces, which white papers drink,
Euen as thy beauties did the foule black Seas:
I muſt deſcribe the hell of thy diſeaſe,
That heauen did merit: yet I needes muſt ſee
Our painted fooles and cockhorſe Peſſantrie
Still ſtill vſurp, with long liues, loues, and luſt,
The ſeates of vertue, cutting ſhort as duſt
Her deare bought iſſue; ill, to worſe conuerts,
And tramples in the blood of all deſerts.
Night cloſe and ſilent now goes faſt before
The Captaines and their ſouldiers to the ſhore,
On whom attended the appointed Fleete
At *Seſtus* Bay, that ſhould *Leander* meete.
Who fainde he in another ſhip would paſſe:
Which muſt not be, for no one meane there was
To get his loue home, but the courſe he tooke.
Forth did his beautie for his beautie looke,
And ſaw her through her Torch, as you beholde
Sometimes within the Sunne a face of golde,
Form'd in ſtrong thoughts, by that traditions force,
That ſaies a God ſits there and guides his courſe.
His ſiſter was with him, to whom he ſhewd

His guide by Sea: and ſayd, oft haue you viewd
In one heauen many ſtarres, but neuer yet
In one ſtarre many heauens till now were met.
See louely ſiſter, ſee, now *Hero* ſhines
No heauen but her appeares: each ſtar repines,
And all are clad in clowdes, as if they mournd,
To be by influence of Earth out-burnd.
Yet doth ſhe ſhine, and teacheth vertues traine,
Still to be conſtant in Hels blackeſt raigne:
Though euen the gods themſelues do ſo entreat them
As they did hate, and Earth as ſhe would eate them.
Off went his ſilken robe, and in he leapt;
Whom the kinde waues ſo licorouſly cleapt,
Thickning for haſte one in another ſo,
To kiſſe his skin, that he might almoſt go
To *Heros* Towre, had that kind minuit laſted.
But now the cruell fates with *Até* haſted
To all the windes, and made them battaile fight
Vpon the *Helleſpont*, for eithers right
Pretended to the windie monarchie.
And forth they brake, the Seas mixt with the skie,
And toſt diſtreſt *Leander*, being in hell,
As high as heauen; Bliſſe not in height doth dwell.
The Deſtinies ſate dancing on the waues,
To ſee the glorious windes with mutuall braues
Conſume each other: O true glaſſe to ſee,
How ruinous ambitious Statiſts bee

To their owne glories! Poore *Leander* cried
For help to Sea-borne *Venus*; ſhe denied
To *Boreas*, that for his *Atthæas* ſake,
He would ſome pittie on his *Hero* take,
And for his owne loues ſake, on his deſires:
But Glorie neuer blowes cold Pitties fires.
Then calde he *Neptune*, who through all the noiſe,
Knew with affright his wrackt *Leanders* voice:
And vp he roſe, for haſte his forehead hit
Gainſt heauẽs hard Chriſtall; his proud waues he ſmit
With his forkt ſcepter, that could not obay,
Much greater powers then *Neptunes* gaue them ſway,
They lou'd *Leander* ſo, in groanes they brake
When they came neere him; and ſuch ſpace did take
Twixt one another, loth to iſſue on,
That in their ſhallow furrowes earth was ſhone,
And the poore louer tooke a little breath:
But the curſt Fates ſate ſpinning of his death
On euery waue, and with the ſeruile windes
Tumbled them on him: And now *Hero* findes
By that ſhe felt her deare *Leanders* ſtate,
She wept and prayed for him to euery fate,
And euery winde that whipt her with her haire
About the face, ſhe kiſt and ſpake it faire,
Kneeld to it, gaue it drinke out of her eyes
To quench his thirſt: but ſtill their cruelties
Euen her poore Torch enuied, and rudely beate

The bating flame from that deare foode it eate:
Deare, for it nouriſht her *Leanders* life,
Which with her robe ſhe reſcude from their ſtrife:
But ſilke too ſoft was, ſuch hard hearts to breake,
And ſhe deare ſoule, euen as her ſilke, faint, weake,
Could not preſerue it: out, O out it went.
Leander ſtill cald *Neptune*, that now rent
His brackiſh curles, and tore his wrinckled face
Where teares in billowes did each other chace,
And (burſt with ruth) he hurld his marble Mace
At the ſterne Fates, it wounded *Lacheſis*
That drew *Leanders* thread, and could not miſſe
The thread it ſelfe, as it her hand did hit,
But ſmote it full and quite did ſunder it.
The more kinde *Neptune* rag'd, the more he raſte
His loues liues fort, and kild as he embraſte.
Anger doth ſtill his owne miſhap encreaſe;
If any comfort liue, it is in peace.
O theeuiſh Fates, to let Blood, Fleſh, and Sence,
Build two fayre Temples for their Excellence,
To rob it with a poyſoned influence.
Though ſoules gifts ſtarue, the bodies are held deare
In vglieſt things; Sence-ſport preſerues a Beare.
But here nought ſerues our turnes; O heauen & earth,
How moſt moſt wretched is our humane birth?
And now did all the tyrannous crew depart,
Knowing there was a ſtorme in *Heros* hart,

Greater then they could make, & skornd their ſmart.
She bowd her ſelfe ſo low out of her Towre,
That wonder twas ſhe fell not ere her howre,
With ſearching the lamenting waues for him;
Like a poore Snayle, her gentle ſupple lim
Hung on her Turrets top ſo moſt downe right,
As ſhe would diue beneath the darknes quite,
To finde her Iewell; Iewell, her *Leander*,
A name of all earths Iewels pleaſde not her,
Like his deare name; *Leander*, ſtill my choice,
Come nought but my *Leander*; O my voice
Turne to *Leander*: hence-forth be all ſounds,
Accents, and phraſes that ſhew all griefes wounds,
Analiſde in *Leander*. O black change!
Trumpets doe you with thunder of your clange,
Driue out this changes horror, my voyce faints:
Where all ioy was, now ſhricke out all complaints.
Thus cryed ſhe, for her mixed ſoule could tell
Her loue was dead: And when the morning fell
Proſtrate vpon the weeping earth for woe,
Bluſhes that bled out of her cheekes did ſhow,
Leander brought by *Neptune*, bruſde and torne,
With Citties ruines he to Rocks had worne,
To filthie vſering Rocks that would haue blood,
Though they could get of him no other good.
She ſaw him, and the ſight was much much more,
Then might haue ſeru'd to kill her; ſhould her ſtore

Of giant ſorrowes ſpeake? Burſt, dye, bleede,
And leaue poore plaints to vs that ſhall ſucceede.
She fell on her loues boſome, hugg'd it faſt,
And with *Leanders* name ſhe breath'd her laſt.
Neptune for pittie in his armes did take them,
Flung them into the ayre, and did awake them.
Like two ſweet birds ſurnam'd th' *Acanthides*,
Which we call Thiſtle-warps, that neere no Seas
Dare euer come, but ſtill in couples flie,
And feede on Thiſtle tops, to teſtifie
The hardnes of their firſt life in their laſt:
The firſt in thornes of loue, and ſorrowes paſt,
And ſo moſt beautifull their colours ſhow,
As none (ſo little) like them: her ſad brow
A ſable veluet feather couers quite,
Euen like the forehead cloths that in the night,
Or when they ſorrow, Ladies vſe to weare:
Their wings, blew, red and yellow mixt appeare,
Colours, that as we conſtrue colours paint
Their ſtates to life; the yellow ſhewes their ſaint,
The deuill *Venus* left them; blew their truth,
The red and black, enſignes of death and ruth.
And this true honor from their loue-deaths ſprung,
They were the firſt that euer Poet ſung.

FINIS.

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2.

THE Fisher-mans Tale:

Of the famous Actes, Life and loue of CASSANDER a Grecian Knight.

Written by FRANCIS SABIE.

Cedant arma togis, concedant laurea linguis.

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